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Juvenile literature. Religious

★ PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY. FEB 15 19[illegible]

Hunter

N.A.S.

MORNING FACES

GEORGE McPHERSON HUNTER

MORNING FACES

BY THE REV.
GEORGE McPHERSON HUNTER

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TO MY CHILDREN
NORMAN
STEWART
BETTY
AND
MARJORIE

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Morning Faces	13
II	A Little Pinch of Salt	17
III	An Unfair Exchange	22
IV	Our Great Outlaw	25
V	Foreign Bodies in the Eyes	30
VI	"Bread, Plain Bread"	34
VII	The Sun Says Its Prayers	37
VIII	Ready for the Long Hike	41
IX	The Inner House	45
X	How to Prevent a Big Tumble	49
XI	Two by Two	52
XII	The Little Host	56
XIII	The Royal Entry (Palm Sunday)	59
XIV	The First Easter Morn	63
	QUESTIONS	
XV	Where Does God Live?	68
XVI	What Is God?	74

CHAPTER PAGE

XVII "Where Are the Marks?" . . . 76
XVIII What Sort of a Boy Are You? . 80
XIX Where Do You Live? 86
XX What's Your Name? 90
XXI What Is Stronger than a Lion? . 95
XXII Are We Down-hearted? 99
XXIII What's Your Rank? 104
XXIV Who Can Harm You? 108
XXV The White Sunday (Whitsuntide) . 112

SOLDIERS THREE

XXVI Timothy the Timid 117
XXVII Andrew the Discoverer 120
XXVIII Barnabas the Encourager . . . 124

IN THE SCHOOL

XXIX Storing Up Light and Power . . 128
XXX God's Multiplication Table . . . 132
XXXI Ten Into One Equals Happiness . 135
XXXII Subjunctive May, Imperative Must . 138
XXXIII The Magic Book 142
XXXIV "Leerie Leerie Lichtie" 144
XXXV "Stand to the One Side, Please" . 148

CHAPTER PAGE

XXXVI The Tree and the Life . . . 152

XXXVII Member Me Again (Decoration Day) 157

XXXVIII P's in a Pod 162

XXXIX June Roses and the Rose of Sharon 165

ON THE PLAYGROUND

XL A Hiding-Place 171

XLI I Wish, I Wish 175

XLII Follow the Leader 179

XLIII The Ball Game and the Game of Life 182

XLIV The Hall of Shame 186

XLV God's Hall of Fame (Part One) . 189

XLVI God's Hall of Fame (Part Two) 193

XLVII Pewter or Gold 197

XLVIII The High Road and the Low . . 202

XLIX The Land Without Candles . . 206

L A Three-ply Rope 209

LI The Man with the Four Names (Christmas) 212

LII The Long Call 217

Juvenile literature. Religious, [illegible] an

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N.Y.

MORNING FACES

GEORGE McPHERSON HUNTER

way to have a "merry heart that doeth good," a morning face, and to be happy and give happiness, is by beginning the day, as the old Psalmist said:

"They looked unto Him and were radiant."

II

A Little Pinch of Salt

ONE day our Lord was talking on a mountain side. He had been telling the people many deep truths, how valuable common folks were; and for their encouragement to active service, patience and well doing, He said: "Ye are the salt of the earth."

As fishermen the audience understood the use of salt; they knew how quickly fish goes bad without salt. Our Lord said Christian men and women were the salt in the world. Children, then, must be little pinches of salt.

Cross-grained people who do not care for children have been known to call them *pepper* and when sullen *vinegar,* and when hot-tempered *ginger.* It's not a very nice way to talk, is it? Perhaps it's because they don't know children very well and have only seen them in bad moods.

"Whatever I am, my Jack's a fellow of Oxford," John Wesley's father used to say.

"Whatever any one may call me," you can say, "I am a little pinch of salt."

Let me explain, then, some of the uses of salt:

To eat salt with another in the old days was to partake of his hospitality. Among the Arabs even to this day one who has eaten salt with another is regarded as his friend.

"How can I injure him? He has eaten my salt," a Hungarian peasant answered a friend who was urging him to revenge a wrong.

Salt and peace go together. If you are a little pinch of salt you are also a peacemaker. "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."

Salt is used for flavouring, to bring out the real taste of foods.

There was once a king who had three daughters, whom he summoned before him and asked: "What is my love for you like?"

"Like a strong castle to dwell in, where one is safe from every attack," said the eldest daughter.

"Good!" answered the king. "I give you my strongest castle, that all may learn how secure your father's love has made you."

"Like a precious jewel to wear," replied the second.

"Good, also," responded the king. "Receive the fairest jewel of my treasures that all may envy one to whom her father's love is so precious."

"Like salt," replied the youngest.

"If that be all the value you attach to my love," cried the angry father, "take a handful of the vile stuff as your portion and never let me see your ungrateful face again!"

The poor girl, seeing that it would be useless trying to explain to her enraged father what she meant by salt, went to the royal cook and asked him as a favour to put no salt in the royal dishes.

The cook did so. Soon the king saw that all his food had lost its usual flavour; all was alike insipid. Thinking he must be ill, he sent for his physicians, but they told him they could find nothing the matter. Then he called his cook and asked him if he could account for the change. The cook threw himself on his knees and confessed that he had put none of the despised salt in the royal dishes since the king had rejected his daughter.

"But," said the king, "I never tasted salt in the food."

"No," returned the cook. "Salt is not added to make the meats taste of salt but to bring out their flavour."

Then the king understood his daughter and restored her to favour, because now he saw that she valued his love more than the others.

You may be only a pinch of salt, but you can add the flavour of cheerfulness.

"How is it, Haydn," the poet Carpine asked,

"that your church music is always animated, cheerful and even gay?"

"I cannot make it otherwise," the great composer answered. "I write according to the thoughts I feel, and when I think upon God my heart is so full of joy that notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen. And since God has given me a cheerful heart it will easily be forgiven me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

He gave taste and enjoyment to the hours of worship and the praise of God's house.

The savour of sympathy you can give, even if it is only a pinch.

General Gordon, the hero of the Sad Soudan, has for his epitaph:

> "He gave his substance to the poor,
> His sympathy to the suffering."

The salt of his sympathy brightened the lives of the desert men in Egypt. It lightened the worries and soothed the irritations of the cheerless Soudanese.

The fine seasoning of charity can sweeten the judgments and speech of the home.

"He's not worth his salt," I've heard men say harshly about a workman.

Well, you can forbear and be gentle in your criti-

cisms and so be worth a great deal, even as a little pinch of salt!

Salt preserves fish and meat and keeps it from going to the bad. Little pinches of salt are just keeping the world from going all wrong.

Gardens go back into weeds and brushwood if the gardeners do not attend to them. Cities would go into open sin, wicked ways and constant evil but for the Christian men and women. They are the salt that keeps them from putrid wrongs.

"Hush! There's the kids coming!" I heard some rough road men say. They had all been swearing and using vile language. Without knowing it the children by their presence checked the flow of profanity. For a few minutes these men refrained from soiling the air with their bad words. They were men enough to stop swearing at the presence of little children. Six or seven little pinches of salt stopped the downward drop of the world in one spot.

Think of that! Remember that just by being good salt, a good savoury little pinch of salt, you are stopping the world's decay.

Are you ready for the text now?

"Ye are the salt of the earth."

"Have salt in yourselves and be at peace one with another."

III

An Unfair Exchange

FAIR exchange is no robbery." Was that not the thing we said when making trades at school? "Swapping things" sometimes was the name we used when exchanging a knife with a half blade for some marbles, fish hooks for twine, pins for "pavement suckers," "dippers" for old postage stamps, a bat for a cap with as many colours in it as there were in Joseph's coat; the dirt on it was part of the bargain.

What great traders and play-ground merchants we were! Many a boy's career was made in these deals. I am sure those who watched were often amused and wondered what the boy would do who was sharp in turning a bargain.

Nations live by exchanging goods. America exchanges engines for India's spices. Brazil sends coffee, and America sends clocks and telephones back. Exchanging is part of our life.

God invites us to trade with him. He wants to make exchanges with us. Only his dealings are all

one-sided. Things that pass away He offers to trade for things that will always be with us. Isaiah stood in a busy city and cried: "Ho! Every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

That's an example of the bargains God makes: Great things for nothing, a very unfair exchange indeed!

No one is in the position God is in to give such bargains. The United States Government, Uncle Sam, as we call him in our funny moods, is saying: "Give me your money in five hundred dollar and one thousand dollar bills and I will give you my bond and four per cent. interest." That's a fair exchange.

He is saying to the young men: "Give me your strength, your youth, your body, and I will give you a uniform and thirty dollars a month, and you will be the defenders of the country, my wards, my saviours." A great demand, yet it's a very fair exchange, for the youth of the land owe everything to the country. We are what we are by the influence and powers of the country.

The Red Cross workers are out saying, "Give me your dollars, and I'll give you a Red Cross button."

God wants to make an eternal bargain with us.

"Give me your purse," I said to my little girl.

"What are you going to do with it?" she replied.

"What do you think?" I answered back.

"Put money in it, of course!" she decided and handed me the purse.

I hadn't intended to put anything in it, but of course I had to or disappoint her faith.

God says to us, "Give me your heart." And perhaps you might say, (Indeed, he wants us to say it.) "What is He going to do with it?" He's going to put something into it, our poor, empty heart, with so little light, so little heat, bare, hard and so small! He's going to put Himself in and then give it back to us.

> **"I give Thee back the life I owe,**
>
> . . . . . .
>
> **That in Thine ocean's depths its flow**
> **May richer, fuller be,"**

sang George Matheson, the blind poet preacher.

Our poor, empty heart to be made eternally clean, always bright, constantly filled with a new, fresh love, to be enlarged by His grace and guarded by His angels! An unfair exchange truly!

Here it is: "Son, daughter, give me thine heart, and I will give thee a kingdom."

IV

Our Great Outlaw

ACROSS the Rio Grande River in Mexico they have a famous outlaw called Villa. He is a Mexican. Every boy and nearly every girl in the English speaking world has read about Sherwood Forest and Robin Hood, Friar Tuck and Long John, notable English outlaws. The ballad runs:

"Pardon now the bold outlaw,
Rob Roy Magregor, O!"

He was a famous Scotch outlaw that Walter Scott, the novelist, wrote about in his tales of the Highlands of Scotland.

All these outlaws lived in the woods, caves, dens, in the valleys, on the highway and in lonely mountain passes. They put themselves outside the laws of their respective countries by their evil deeds. They were sinful, wicked men mostly, enemies to the best citizens, and no one is very proud of them. Most of them went away from their friends and broke the laws, heedless of the consequences.

Now Jesus was an outlaw too; not for Himself but for us. Do you remember when the poor leper came to Jesus and asked to be cleansed from his leprosy? The Master said, "I will: be thou clean." And He touched him. It was against the law to put His hands on any one with that horrid disease. The poor man was an outlaw because of the leprosy. He broke the law by coming near Jerusalem, and Jesus widened out the law by going "out of bounds" to touch the leper and heal him.

One Sunday a poor woman with a back she was not able to straighten, bowed down by an eighteen year old infirmity, came to Jesus. With His power and sympathy the Master unloosed her, straightened out her crooked spine and made her strong and well.

The rulers were shocked at this act of Jesus. "Why, this man has broken the Sabbath law!" they said.

Just think of it, trying to keep Jesus within their ideas of a law! For that good, merciful act they rated our Saviour an outlaw.

All through the days when He was down here living with us Jesus was constantly going out of the laws men had made, and the good laws God had made for the benefit of the people and narrow folks had spoiled, to bring others inside the great, big law of God's love. He is never content with us

until we are within that law. A law is just a rule. The rule of the life of Christ is simple love.

Another day, a poor woman came creeping into the house where Jesus was at dinner. I am sorry to say she was not a very nice woman. She began to cry and bathe the feet of Jesus with her long, flowing hair.

"He surely knows that woman is bad," the crowd who saw it began to whisper.

Certainly! Our Lord knew all about the woman. He knows all that is going on inside of us. Knowing all the wrong, he was anxious to help her.

The wretched woman had broken the laws of God and man. Sin made her an outlaw. There she was with no friends. Jesus championed her, rescued her, healed her and brought her back among the law-abiding people.

Soldiers and officers usually went out to punish the outlaws. Jesus in the days of His flesh was their friend. He went seeking sin-outlaws to bring them into the law of love.

If we break the laws of God and confess our wrong-doing Jesus will forgive us.

Outlaws who become "in-laws" of Christ learn to love Him dearly.

A poor city woman, who had had her hair shorn and cut close because of disease, heard the story of Christ and His talk with that poor woman and her

wiping his feet with the hair of her head. She wept bitterly.

"Why do you cry?" a friend asked.

"Because if Jesus came in my hair is not long enough to wipe His feet! He has done for me what He did for that other woman."

Jesus died the death of an outlaw. He suffered the pains and penalty that hung over the head of a law-breaker. He took all the blame of the outlaws and every wicked thing that follows behind the breaking of the laws and rules of God.

"There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven and let us in."

Jesus, our outlaw, has in His hands the keys to the doors of Heaven.

Should we not be very tender and loving to the unfortunate ones outlawed by sin? We are saved by one who knew all the pains and sorrows of being counted outside of the law. Jesus like all other outlaws had no home. When he wanted to give a feast to His disciples he borrowed a room. O, the things he had to borrow! Houses, an ass to ride on, a grave to lie in! He slept on the hill side, ate by the lake, shared the life of a wanderer. He went out into the loveless world of the lawless,

homeless, shelterless and alone to bring men and women into the Palace of God's love. Listen to what He said about Himself:

"The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

V

Foreign Bodies in the Eyes

ONCE in my life I was in the waiting room of a large eye infirmary. Gathered in groups were workmen from the ship-building yards, mechanics from the shop benches, machine men from the machine shops, girls from the factories, students, pale and thin, awkward youths from the country, well-dressed city salesmen, all waiting for the famous eye surgeon.

I listened to his assistants. They were using "technical language," hard to understand, for professional men use the speech and words of their profession. I listened and watched them peering into the eyes of the patients. The examination of the eyes was done under powerful lights and with the help of strong glasses.

"Foreign body in the eye," I heard a doctor say, as he put down his magnifying glasses.

"What's that?" I asked the surgeon.

"Oh, only a piece of steel in the man's right eye. We'll remove it in a few minutes."

The workman had a "foreign body" so big and so bad that his eye was red, inflamed and watering. He sat wiping it with a dirty handkerchief. The people and the furniture in the room were all blurred to him.

Since that day I have learned that "foreign bodies in the eyes" are very common. Nearly all the folk you meet have one or two. They prevent clear sight, distort the vision and hinder our seeing things clearly.

Jesus was a physician, an eye specialist. He knew how dangerous a "foreign body" is to the eyesight and how perilous to the soul. As a carpenter He had seen men get "chips" in the eye. No man could do his work with his eyes sore and smarting.

I am going to mention a few of the "foreign bodies" that may get into our eyes:

Envy, a cold, green substance, preventing boys and girls from seeing their own things in the right light. It is nearly like jealousy. Jesus saw hundreds of His fellow countrymen going about with small pieces of it in their eyes. He is very expert and very tender when removing that "foreign body." Let him do it before it sets in too deeply.

Hatred, another of these alien chips, makes the eyes tender. Distorted vision, that is, seeing things all twisted, awry, comes from hating the wrong things. Hate will ruin your eyesight. The Edom-

ites were the champion haters of their day. Oh, how they hated! It would ruin your eyesight if you started to search for Edomites to-day. They have vanished from off the earth. Hating is the quickest way to get forgotten.

Selfishness or self-will is a common foreign body, the hardest to detect. It induces tender eyes. A child with that foreign body is full of sore spots. He or she becomes very "touchy." "Inflammation of the ego" is the technical term for selfishness.

Kipling has a funny story, or a parable tale, of a monkey on an Eastern ship. Mr. Monkey had "too much ego in the corners," which is another way of saying too much self, too much "I." The "I" was always on deck instead of being down below on the cargo space.

Jesus in the days of His flesh removed the scales from the eyes of the blind. He is our great physician, gentle in His touch. Making worlds is His ordinary work, binding up wounds His real vocation. The hands that hold the stars in their places are able to extract the smallest "foreign body" from the worst inflamed eyes in the world.

He has an eye salve for tender eyes. His touch is so gentle, His hands so skilful!

Angels are not allowed to touch our eyes. God wipes all tears away Himself. The end of tears comes with the touch of His hand.

Whose voices are these above the noise of the multitude outside of Jericho?

Hearken! It's two blind men. "Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou Son of David!" . . . "Lord, open our eyes!"

"So Jesus had compassion on them and touched their eyes."

VI

"Bread, Plain Bread"

WHY is that crowd shouting outside the palace gates?" a French Empress asked.

"Your Majesty, they have no bread to eat."

"Why don't they eat cake then?"

Cake is nice sometimes, but bread, plain bread, we must have. In good times rich and poor eat bread; in hard times the poor eat nothing else but bread.

In these days we are living in there is a great scarcity of bread. Famine is common in many lands. War always brings famine, and because we have a great war we have a great hunger for bread.

In the Bible very much is said about bread. Canaan was the "land of bread." When the Hebrews were in the desert, going to the promised land, "bread came down from Heaven." Manna it was called. In the Temple they had a religious bread, "unleavened bread," the bread of worship.

The ancient people had proverbs about bread. When bad men stole or got money in a wrong way very ugly names were applied to their bread. It's the "bread of deceit" or the "bread of wickedness."

Honest men would never eat the bread gained in an evil way.

Hard earned bread, bought by struggle and tears, is called the "bread of adversity." One day I saw our "bread of adversity." It came from France, straight out of the soldiers' trenches at Somme, hard, dry, spotted, tan-coloured bread. It reminded me of dog biscuit. Sailors had guarded the ships that carried the wheat. Long, hard watches were spent, peering into the darkness for the enemy prowling the sea to sink the soldiers' bread in the deep. It was baked in Europe, packed in tins and sent to the Western firing line. Soldiers risked their lives to get it to their comrades in the trenches. To me it was sacred bread, because the adversity of the world was the only reason for its being on my desk.

Bread is the common food of our western world and in making it so we are all put on a level before God. Bread, plain bread, rich and poor must eat. "Give us this day our daily bread," Jesus taught his followers to pray. All the world depends on God, the Father, for bread.

We are not to hoard our bread. God meant us to give some of it away, for through the greed and evil ways of men some boys and girls depend on us for their daily bread. Every time we do anything good, give money or gifts to people who are not

able to pay us back the Bible calls it, "casting bread on the waters."

"There now! That was very foolish of me to give my last loaf away!" exclaimed an old man, sitting on a rock by the seashore. He had given away his lunch, feeding it in crumbs to the fishes.

In the evening he went for a walk by the shore and at sunset he saw the tide bringing hundreds of big brown loaves of bread in, and the waves cast them up at his feet. The crumbs had all turned into loaves of bread. All the kindly acts we do for Christ's sake, the pennies we send abroad, the prayers we send up to God come back to us, blessed, changed and multiplied like the old man's crumbs of bread, cast on the face of the waters.

"Here is a lad with five barley loaves," the Apostle told the Lord, "but what are these among so many?" It looked so foolish, putting five loaves in front of five thousand hungry men, women and children! He forgot, as we often do, or did not know, that Jesus is the true bread of life, sent down from Heaven. In His hands crumbs turn into loaves, a few loaves are multiplied into hundreds of loaves.

A morsel of bread becomes a loaf, loaves grow into meals, and the hunger of the world is satisfied by Him who said:

"I am the bread of life."

VII

The Sun Says Its Prayers

OUT on the hills of India, up in the Himalaya mountains, the hill men are nearly all Buddhists. But they believe greatly in prayer. The father of the family will write a prayer and put it on a windmill, and 'round and 'round it goes, day and night. I suppose it's the man's idea of "praying without ceasing."

The Buddhists are heathen, and such is their way of praying. Kipling says:

> "The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
> 'E don't obey no orders, unless they is 'is own.
> The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began."

The awful pity about the poor, neglected people is that they always end their lives where they started. Prayer is one of God's ways of progress. He has made us for prayer. All the riches of God come to us through prayer.

Strength to work, play and live right come down

by the channel of prayer. Without God we are like straws blown by the wind; with Him we are stronger than the Northern gales. And we can be as gentle as God's spirit if we pray. The Africans, indeed everybody, believe that. A short African poem says:

> "'The sun says his prayers,' said the fairy,
> Or else he would wither and die.
> 'The sun says his prayers,' said the fairy,
> 'For strength to climb up through the sky.
>
> "'He leans on invisible angels,
> And faith is his prop and his rod;
> The sky is his crystal cathedral,
> And dawn is his altar to God.'"

We want prayer for strength to do what is right. God commands us to do some very important and very difficult things in life. To tell the truth; is that always easy? To honour our fathers and mothers, to be pure in heart and speech, to love the folks that are unlovely, to do what is right, we must pray.

Then we should pray in a way that will bring an answer.

"Over there," in Europe, proclamations are issued in the name of the King. Soldiers go to fight in the name of the King. Doors are opened in the name of the King. Government is carried on in the name of the King.

Praying is working and living in the name of Jesus. "Ask in my name." The name of the Lord Jesus used in our prayers brings an answer.

Then we must believe that God hears and answers prayer. It is not *may* answer but MUST answer.

It is said of Martin Luther that he would put his finger on a text in the Bible that promised something and say, "Now, Lord, if thou dost not fulfil that promise to me I will never trust you again!"

That would seem very bold and perhaps irreverent. I like David Livingstone's way much better. He said, "Jesus is a gentleman and He keeps His word as a gentleman should."

An answer to prayer is God keeping His word.

An English Sunday School Union teacher at a Sabbath School gathering asked a difficult question, which a small boy answered very promptly.

"If that lad will come to me at the end of the Session," promised the teacher, "and will give me his name and address I'll send him a book to-morrow when I get back."

The boy gave his name and address and ran home. Bounding into the sitting-room he shouted, "Mother, I've got a book!"

"Where is it?" asked the mother.

"I haven't got it yet," returned the boy, "but it's mine."

He believed that he had the book, even if he did not see it. God calls that spirit *faith*.

"All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

VIII

Ready for the Long Hike

THROW those boots away!"

They were well made boots and the young soldier looked ruefully at them.

"Do what you are told!" the sergeant said. And with surprise and regret the young soldier threw his handsome boots away.

"One pair of boots is enough," the sergeant explained, "with all the heavy marching you have to do. Remember, my lad, you are on active service."

There was nothing wrong with the boots. It was perfectly natural to have two pairs, even three pairs; only the soldier had to carry the boots himself, and the less dead weight he carried the further he could go.

Boys and girls are in school, they go to church, attend communicant class, get confirmed in preparation for the long, long hike through life.

Who cares to be carried along the road? I am sure you would hate to be carried in an ambulance

wagon. Up the long trail we want to go on our feet.

Get ready then with "your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace."

Stuart Edward White, the woodsman and African traveller, says the secret of going a long distance on the feet is to "discard things." "I went," he says, "a journey of twenty days with a tin cup and a frying-pan." Nothing else!

If he ever takes me on a journey through the woods he will need to have much more than these two necessary articles.

Lay aside the weights. Go in hiking clothes. Be simple in your habits and tastes. Being cumbered, loaded down with too many is bad. It hinders speed. No one can walk well who is loaded down.

"Having your loins girt," is the Bible way of putting it. Roman soldiers carried a garment that was a covering by night, a cloak when cold and a brace around the body when fighting. Don't be slack in your habits, dress, manners and gait. Go on the long hike ready to keep the pace until the end of the trail is reached.

We need company on the long hike. Sometimes, of course, you will need to go alone.

> "Down to Gehenna or up to the throne,
> He travels the fastest who travels alone."

Bits of the journey must be travelled alone. But I want to impress upon you that One has promised to be at your side. "Lo, I am with you always."

Nearly always you must go through life in your troop, patrol, company or crowd. It's not good for boys and girls to be too much alone. Learn to get along with people, to talk with other boys and girls and yet to keep your own place. Kipling puts it:

"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue
Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch."

In your long hike you must be one of the "brotherhood that binds the brave of all the earth."

The final preparation is to believe you can win and to have faith that at the end of the goal you will march in with triumph. Resolve highly that nothing will swing your life away from the company of the faithful, that having "hit the trail," you will hike to the end.

Here is the purpose of a knightly man who marched in the line of royal hikers. Robert Buchanan was proud and humble in his faith, which is perhaps the best preparation for the trail. His pride was in being in the race and his humility came from his love of the best and truest in life.

"Never to bow or kneel
To any brazen lie;
To love the worst, to feel
The worst is even as I.

To count all triumph vain
That helps no burdened man;
I think so still and so
I end as I began."

"Let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us and let us run with patience the race which is set before us."

IX

The Inner House or the House of Conscience

WHO has not heard about the Pillars of Hercules, torn asunder by Alcides on his way to Cadiz? The tale is in all the children's books.

I am going to tell you about the pillars holding up the Inner House. It was St. Bernard of Clairvaux who long, long ago in the dark ages called our conscience the Inner House and said it was built on seven pillars.

The first pillar he named *Good-will.*

God has a will for good towards us. We should have good-will towards all men. The Gospel is the gospel of good news because it's the Gospel of Good-will.

Memory is the second.

Remember God's gifts. It is the cure for discontent, grumbling and selfishness. Homes as well as Houses of Conscience should cultivate memory for the good-will of God.

A Clean Heart is the third.

Our souls are like watches. They must be kept clean or they will not work. A wound will not heal

until the dirt is removed, neither will a conscience until the heart is clean.

A clean heart is the mirror through which we see God.

A Free Mind is the fourth pillar.

A clean heart makes a free mind. "For thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, with all thy strength and with all thy mind."

Good feelings are splendid. Let us also pray from the heart and sing with our lips:

"Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose."

When we have clean hearts our minds are clear and free.

A Right Spirit is the Fifth Pillar.

Rid your mind of all selfish motives. Let your thoughts be clean and high.

Where God dwells the spirit is right. Make your heart a home for God, and He will control your spirit.

A Devout Mind is the Sixth Pillar.

That is the result of a right spirit and really means being at home with God and spiritual truths.

Looking down makes our shoulders stoop. If our thoughts look down our character bends. Head up makes a body erect. Thoughts up makes a life erect.

An Enlightened Reason is the Seventh Pillar.

The seventh pillar, supporting the House of Conscience, is as needful as the first. A good will must have an enlightened mind to guide it, for we can do cruel, wicked things with perfect good will.

Paul persecuted the Christians. The Spaniards burnt the Protestants during the Reformation and did it with right good will. Verily they thought to do God a service.

It is told that when on July 1st, 1416, John Huss was bound to the stake a poor old peasant woman came up with a faggot and begged that it might be added to the pile; and when it was flung on she was not content: it must be close up to the victim so that it might help to consume him.

"Have I ever harmed you or yours," asked Huss, "that you are so bitter against me?"

"Never," was the reply; "but you are a heretic. Wood is scarce this year, and the winter, they say, is like to be a hard one. I can ill afford the faggot, but I would fain do God service by helping to rid the earth of an accursed heretic; and therefore I make the sacrifice."

"O, holy simplicity!" exclaimed the martyr. And reaching out his hand, he drew the faggot toward him and placed it against his side.

"Perhaps," he said, "the faggot may help to save us both."

He recognised a kindred spirit in the old peasant. That zeal for God which in her ignorance made her a persecutor would, had her reason been enlightened, have made her a martyr.

St. Bernard has told us how we may build pillar after pillar until the House of Conscience is erected. But the pillars must rest on a good foundation. Where can we find one that will last forever?

Where, O where, but on Christ, the solid Rock! The pillars of the Inner House will stand when built on Him.

"For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus."

X

How to Prevent a Big Tumble

IN Henry Drummond's wonderful book, *Tropical Africa,* he describes the works of the termite or white ant, a remarkable, ugly, bloated and repulsive insect. Its body is flabby and tallow-like. For breakfast, dinner and supper it eats wood.

Supposing a man built a house on what he thought was a good safe place. Everything would go along smoothly until some day the door-posts would bend, the lintels and the rafters crack and the whole house fall with a crash. If you looked at a section of the wrecked timbers you would discover the whole inside to be eaten clean away.

The white ant is no respecter of goods. It eats books, furniture, trunks, chairs, dolls and wooden legs. "If a man lay down to sleep in Africa with a wooden leg it would be a heap of sawdust in the morning."

Among the many remarkable traits of the white ant is its love of the darkness. It works in the dark. One may live a lifetime in Africa and never see a single termite.

It's a secretive insect. In that respect it resembles sin. "Hidden faults" are the worst ones. No one ever suspects they are working. Sins and ants are tireless workers. It's the small, unnoticed sins that darken the soul, the undiscovered errors in our hearts, hidden below the surface, that gnaw at the vitals, sap the strength, bore at the substance of our character, leaving a hollow shell, on which pressure is put, and then there's a big tumble.

In Scotland there is a white sandstone. It looks clear and clean to the eye. In nothing does it differ from all the blocks on the hillside. No one would ever suspect it had "hidden faults."

After it has been in a building for some years it begins to "bleed." A sticky red substance like blood flows from it and mars all the other good white stones and disfigures the building. It crumbles away and if it is not taken down the building will fall.

That's the story of many a fall in life. An unsuspected sin, small and dangerous, gets started in the heart. No one ever thinks anything is wrong. But the sin like the ant is working away in the dark, leaving the outside alone. Then some day a sudden temptation assails the man. His sin becomes open. Secretly he had been a slave; now he is openly on the slippery, dark pathway, leading down to the depths.

Be on your guard then. Beware!

Watch for the lurking evils. They multiply like the ants in the dark, like the aphides on the under side of the rose leaf. When the rose withers and falls every one knows what happened. Nothing but the taking away of the hidden faults can prevent us from tumbling down some day.

Now we have the reason why the Psalmist prayed:

"Cleanse thou me from hidden faults. . . . Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins. Let them not have dominion over me."

XI

Two by Two

IN the story of Bolivar's fight against Spanish tyranny in South America, in 1815, perhaps the most gallant thing is his terrible march across the Andes. Not only had great heights to be scaled, but innumerable mountain streams had to be crossed, swollen by the rainy season. To save time in building bridges, when the streams were not too deep they were forded. So strong were the currents in the mountain torrents that "the foot soldiers had to cross in twos, their arms firmly around each other's shoulders."

"In twos" is a safer way to go than singly. When there is danger, company gives a sense of security and peace. We all like to feel the touch of some one's hand in the dark. The idea that we are alone gives a queer sense of weakness.

An old Scotch saying says:

> "Company is aye the best
> When crossing o'er the heather."

On the lonely moors there are pitfalls, hollow places, and there is danger of losing oneself in the heather where there are no tracks.

Jesus says, "Lo, I am with you always." We are never alone in danger. That's an encouraging promise to remember. Christ is with us.

Difficulties are not nearly so bad when we face them with some one else. We can nearly always do the hard work, school problems and tasks, when we have a "mate." "Two heads are better than one." Two pairs of hands, if they work in unison, do more than one pair. Two pairs of eyes see more than one pair.

Everybody knows that difficulties have a way of "going off" when you talk them out openly and calmly with some one. Sins are rolled away, faults are mended, wounds are healed, the sense of guilt is lifted when we confess our wrong-doing. It is shared with another and so divided. Jesus invites us to share our difficulties with Him, to put the threads we have tangled into His hands, and He will unravel them. Hard problems we cannot solve He will make clear. Things we must bear Jesus Christ makes bearable.

Temptations are sometimes easiest met when in company. Of course there are temptations we must face alone. They are the hardest to face.

"It takes two for a kiss,
Only one for a sigh;
Twain by twain we marry,
One by one we die.
Joy has its partnerships,
Grief weeps alone;
Cana has many guests,
Gethsemane had none."

A long time ago a wise man went to the desert of Egypt to escape a temptation. Very sorry was he to find that what he ran away to avoid was also in the lonely, sandy desert. Within himself he carried the wrong desire; he and his wish went together.

One of the precious lessons you should learn before the years trip your heels is that the hardest temptations come from our own breasts.

If you have no friend at your side in your hour of temptation, Jesus is there. He went into the desert to learn how to help a lonely boy or girl.

In crossing the Alps, where the paths are narrow and slippery, the guides are tied to the travellers. When one falls the other holds him up. Hundreds are thus saved from being dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Jesus is our guide through the paths of life. He tramped alone that we might have company. He trod these paths in sorrow that we might tread

them in joy. He went friendless that we might have a friend.

"Not for thy neighbour nor for thee
Be sure was life designed to be."

All our joys, happiness and best play come from associations with others. Joys shared are joys spread.

Jesus understands all our needs, difficulties, temptations and play. We are never alone. Our Lord Christ taught the world the power of the team. Calling the disciples, he began for the first time "to send them out *two by two.*"

XII

The Little Host

ALL the world has felt the power of the little host. America felt it in the struggle for independence, when a little host refused to pay an income tax. Great Britain felt it twenty years ago in South Africa. Mexico on two occasions in her history has been saved by the power of an unconquerable little band.

Isaiah said it would always be that way, and he said it hundreds of years before Jesus came.

In these days when the mighty armies of the world are fighting and the generals are crying, "Give us men, and more men!" we must try and remember that numbers are not everything, and a little band, if it has the right spirit, can overthrow the mighty powers of the world.

Our Christian religion came into the world a hunted fugitive. It was born in a hiding place. And it grew in lonely places. Every man's hand was against it; all the rulers and powers of the earth sought to crush the little host of those who believed.

Jesus had great faith in a small number of men, fishermen and tax gatherers. He trusted them with all His secrets, the power to do great things, all His treasures of wisdom, the story of His three years, the memory of His miracles—turning water into wine, raising the dead and His own resurrection. A little host of obscure, simple-minded men and women Jesus sent against the world.

Only one thing is required to make a little host powerful, and that is that they should all die.

"Nonsense!" I hear somebody say. "How can a little host that is dead be powerful?"

"I die daily," said the frail Apostle Paul, as he travelled over Europe and wherever he went caused men, faith and churches to spring into life. Life came out of his death.

It's when we let our own selfish desires, our evil impulses die out that we become strong and mighty. The glorious company of those who died inwardly became conquerors of the world.

No storms can wreck the little hosts that sail on their voyages of discovery, for they have died to self, and they are immortal. No enemy can strike them down forever, for they are invulnerable to their enemies. The powers of darkness cannot conquer them. Tyrants and despots may ride over them, but they rise again conquerors. They finally

overthrow all their opponents, for nothing that is mean can live in them.

We salute the little hosts in the wayside schools, on the mountain sides and in the great cities, always failing and always winning, led by an unseen leader who throws His light behind so that they can see the way!

The little host has unseen power dwelling in them, and here is the secret:

"Not by might nor by power but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

XIII

The Royal Entry

(Palm Sunday)

LET me tell you about the coronation of King George V of England.

London was filled with sight-seers from the ends of the earth. In the procession that went to Westminster Abbey soldiers from India, China and Africa marched with soldiers from Australia, New Zealand and Canada. Uniforms of khaki, blue, grey and red mixed with the white and the brown, striped with gold lace.

There were infantry, cavalry with plumes in their brass helmets and flags on their lances, artillery and naval men, armed with carbines and swords.

Tramp, tramp, tramp they went to the music of a hundred bands and the shouts of the millions on the streets.

Behind the royal carriages were kings from India, Burmah and Africa, governors of colonies, ministers of commonwealths, premiers from Canada, Newfoundland, New Zealand and Australia, chiefs

of Indian tribes from the west of Canada, chiefs from Mashonaland, Bechuanaland and many other lands, dignitaries from the Mediterranean, Persian Gulf and the Pacific Islands. They came trailing behind the royalties like a cloud of glory from Heaven.

Will you please note the contrast: When Jesus entered Jerusalem the streets were lined with people from Persia, Greece, Africa and Babylon. Palm branches were waved in the air, cloaks and flowers thrown on the streets. Behind Him a procession of shouting men and women and children, cleansed lepers, paralytics without crutches, palsied without palsy, sinners without their sins, shouting, pushing, jostling, laughing and singing behind the Royal Personage.

"Hosanna to the Son of David!
Blessed is He that cometh
In the name of the Lord!"

That was the first Palm Sunday.

Jesus had kept His covenant. He had come to the Bridal City of Jerusalem.

Long before the old prophets had written about Him:

"Put on thy beautiful garments, O Zion!
Break forth into joy!"

Zecharian had described Him as "riding on an ass. He is just and lowly."

The Bridal City did not recognise her bridegroom, and a covenant was broken.

Listen to me now! Jesus never forgets. Jerusalem would not receive Him. They crucified Him. But in a borrowed room in old Jerusalem, with a pale moon flooding the streets, He made a new covenant. Children baptised in His church are children of the New Covenant He started after the Royal Entry.

That first Palm Sunday was a rehearsal of the time when the Prince of Peace shall come. It speaks of the triumph of the Jesus Kingdom. All the kings will perish. King Jesus will reign forever and forever.

Most of the kings I told you about in the royal procession have passed away.

> "Where are kings and empires now
> Of all who went and came?
> But, God, thy church is praying yet,
> A thousand years the same!"

The first Palm Sunday was a prophecy of the missionary triumph of the Church. This is the day of God's wonders: China's millions turning to Him, throwing idols into the sea, mandarins subscribing to Church funds, Korea, the hermit nation, coming out of her obscurity, in Africa sons of men who murdered missionaries passing the cup at the Church altars.

Hands up, all those who have their own Bibles! That's a fair showing.

There is such a demand for Bibles that the printing presses never stop, day or night. That first Sunday was a picture prophesy of the days we are in now.

We are subjects of the King, are we not? He came into the world to be a king, a king of lowliness. I wonder if we are all as lowly as He wishes us to be!

He came to be the King of Compassion. Be compassionate, like Him.

He came to be King of Love. If we love we are of His kingdom.

Other kings tasted power. He tasted death for every man.

Palm Sunday points to the Day of His Coronation, when the Church from Africa, India and the Islands of the Sea will enter into the presence of the King.

And the children shall sing as they sung that day.

"And they shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.
For the marriage of the Lamb has come,
And the armies that are in Heaven shall follow Him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, pure and white.
"And He hath on His garments a name written, King of Kings and Lord of Hosts."

XIV

The First Easter Morn

TWO fishermen were sitting by their boats and nets on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. It was a bright Passover day but the men had not gone to Jerusalem that year. Along the road that skirted the Lake a teamster passed, walking by his team of oxen.

"Crispus seems sad to-day," remarked one of the fishermen.

"Let us hail him and hear the news from Jerusalem!"

"Ho, Crispus! Was there a bigger crowd than usual in Jerusalem this year?"

"Why do you look so sad? Did you lose your money in the city?" And both the fishermen laughed.

Crispus, the teamster, lifted his head sorrowfully and said, "I lost something more precious than money."

"What was it?" the fishermen asked, coming closer to the man.

"You have lost, too," the teamster replied with tears in his eyes.

"Why—what have we lost?" they asked anxiously.

"Jesus is dead! They crucified Him," Crispus said in a husky, low voice.

The sky became suddenly dark, the song of the birds hushed, and the rippling water on the Lake of Galilee that broke on the beach seemed to say, "Jesus is dead."

The women gathered around the men and said, "It was cruel of the Roman soldiers to crucify a man so gentle and tender. Had he not fed them on the hillside?"

"Yes! Do you not remember how he turned the water into wine at my wedding?" one dark-eyed woman, holding a babe in her arms, said.

Children stopped their play and ran to join their mothers, who gathered them into their arms. They clung with instinctive dread to their mothers, and one matron remembered and repeated to the others Jesus' words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Without saying anything to the others the fishermen left the crowd and started down the Jerusalem road. Their hearts were too sad for speech. A passing teamster halted and offered to carry them in his wagon.

"No, brother," they answered. "Jesus is dead, and we will go to His grave."

When the hurrying men turned the bend in the road the driver said half aloud, "I remember how he said once, 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light.' Every time I fastened the yoke on the neck of the oxen his words would come back to me. Now he is dead! What a wicked world this is!"

A passing shepherd, leading a flock of sheep, cried to the fishermen, "Whither go ye? Stay and eat with me."

"No, we go with speed to Jerusalem. Jesus is dead."

Clouds gathered in the sky, for the shepherd at least. The very bleating sheep seemed to repeat the words, "Jesus is dead."

"I could understand his speech. It was plain—different from the priests'," he muttered.

"'I am the good shepherd'; that was what he told me that morning on the hillside, and a better shepherd have I been since. Now he is dead!"

"In haste, friends?" a sturdy man asked, looking over his shoulder at the fishermen. His eyes were big and shining bright.

"Yes, we go to——"

"Hush, brother!" the other fisherman said softly. "Say nothing. Jesus gave him his eyesight. Let others tell him!"

And they waved their hands in salutation and passed on.

In the heat of the day the fishermen stopped to drink at a well. As the water clinked in its drop downwards they remembered that Jesus had said, "I am the water of life." His life was ended, and the water of life would flow no more!

As they drew near Bethany to rest for the night the houses were crowded with visitors who had overflowed out of Jerusalem. A servant passed and entered a home and said, "Tefuddulu, el 'asha hader." (Come, for the supper is now ready.)

An invitation to a feast, and the fishermen recalled one of his stories about inviting the poor to supper. No more would he call men to a feast for he had died outside the gate on a hill called Calvary.

Early next morning, as the men entered Jerusalem in the stillness of the dawn, the soldiers of Rome stood on guard. "Their friend!" one of the fishermen said gently.

"Yes! He was kind and never uttered a harsh word against the military."

"Whither away so early, countrymen?" cried some Passover visitors near the Fish Gate, as the fishermen passed out.

They stopped suddenly, for a man came hurrying down the road. Seeing the Galileans and recognising them, he halted.

"Where have they laid him?" asked one of the fishermen. "We would go to his tomb."

" 'He is not here, He is risen!' And I go to tell His disciples and Peter." And he sped through the gate.

When the fishermen arrived at the tomb they found it empty.

The grave could not hold Jesus. He rose in power and glory, a conqueror over death.

Over His tomb it is written: "He is not here; He is risen."

XV

Where Does God Live?

EVERY boy and girl in the United States knows where the President of the United States lives. Nearly all the children in the English speaking world are aware of the residence of the King of Great Britain. These addresses are well known. But the residence of God, that's a secret. Listen while I tell you about three wise men who went out to find the place where God lived.

They journeyed along a road in the country and, seeing a farmer ploughing in a field, asked him, "Where does God live?"

"I have heard men say that He lives in the green grass and in the woods; that may be so but I have never seen Him there," answered the farmer; and he tightened the reins of his team and went on ploughing another furrow.

The road led into a crowded city, with men and women hurrying to business.

"Where does God live?" they asked two merchants.

"I heard a man say that He dwelt in the cities," one of them replied. "But, excuse me, I am busy to-day." And he hurried off.

"The same man said he lived in the hearts of men," the other merchant said. "Sometimes I thought he did. I have seen glimpses of Him in a few city men. Who knows?"—And he hurried on.

Passing a large building with the words Public Library over the door, the three wise men entered.

"Does God live here?" one of them said quietly to the librarian.

"Oh, no!" he answered. "We keep only the things he has said as men wrote them in books. His residence?" And he shrugged his shoulders and turned to his catalogues.

Going on down the main street, they saw a college building on another avenue.

"Let us go there! Surely the scholars will know."

Over one of the doors was written, Astronomy. Opening the door gently they tiptoed up to an old gentleman with a long beard. He was busy with a map.

"Where does God live?"

"If you asked me what He does, I could tell you. For I try to count His stars, measure their size and endeavour to find out how He holds them all together up in the heavens. I read in a book that 'He calleth

them all by their names.' Why, that's more than all the astronomers have been able to do! That He keeps them in their place, I am sure. Were He to take His hand away——" And the old professor shook his white head. The thought was too appalling.

"Where does He live?" he repeated. "I don't know."

Leaving his room, the wise men crossed the campus. Over a beautiful building they saw History Department written. Entering, they asked the teacher:

"Where does God live?"

"I don't know," he replied. "Our department only deals with His ways among men. With where He lives, why, we never concern ourselves. Go over to the Professor of Literature; he should be able to tell you. Good day."

"Can you tell us where God lives?" they asked the man of books.

"My poets say a good deal about God," the teacher of literature answered. "God's prophets of the beautiful these poets were. One of them has said:

"'God's in His heaven.
All's right with the world.'

"All the writers I lecture about are 'very sure of God.' Books, the best books, gentlemen, I can as-

sure you on my word of honour as a man, are blocks that men use to

> "'Climb the great world's altar-stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God.'

"But where God lives I really don't know. Go down to the church and ask."

It was getting late, and they hurried down the street to a beautiful church with stained glass windows and a wonderful arched doorway. The organ was booming like the sea in a storm, and the choir had sung the final Amen when they arrived at the door, and they stood aside to let the people pass out.

"God surely lives here! Look at the angels on the glass in the window!" the first wise man whispered.

"Listen to the echo of the Amen!" the second wise man returned.

"Does God live here?" the third wise man asked the sexton, who was putting out the lights and preparing to close the church.

"They call it the House of God," he answered, "but He does not live here. He only visits. 'He dwelleth not in houses made with hands.' Have you never heard that?" And the sexton laughed and shut the door and left them alone in the dark.

It was late, and they went to an inn to pass the night. An old seaman sat by the fire and told tales

of adventure in strange lands, under the Southern Cross, where the palms wave and the great rivers gurgle through the long reeds and lose themselves in the sobbing sea.

"In all your travels, friend, have you found the house where God lives?"

The old seaman laughed so loudly that the wise men were afraid.

"Ho! Ho! God hides in the rocks, rides on the storm. He dwelleth on many waters. He lives in the darkness, rides on the waves. When the thunder rolls He is hurling His bolts in the air. Why, all the clouds are but a cloak to hide Him! And the summer night clouds His chariot. God is everywhere, everywhere!"

"But where does He *dwell?*" the wise men said in chorus.

The old sailor shook his head. "That is too wonderful for me."

Next morning the wise men started off again in their search for the place where God lived.

A little girl pulling buttercups and daisies by the road side stopped and offered them bouquets of flowers.

"Pray tell me, little girl," said the oldest of the three men, and he looked into her blue eyes. "It is hidden from the wise and shown to little children,

the pure in heart. Pray tell us! Where does God live?"

She laughed.

"Oh, that's easy! The Bible says:

" 'I dwell in the high and the holy place with him who is of a humble and a contrite heart.' "

XVI

What Is God?

GOD is a spirit, infinite and eternal. If I dwell in God I am eternal. God is love, and he that dwells in love dwells in God. What a dwelling-place!

God is truth. The truth makes me free. I am free in God's Son.

God is light. If I walk in God I shall never fall.

God is strength. He holds the world on His back, the stars in their places and the sea in the hollow of His hand.

God is purity. And none but the pure in heart shall see God.

Lord, open mine eyes that I may behold thee in all thy beauty!

God is the member of a family living in perfect peace and harmony. The Father, Son and Holy Ghost are in constant unity. If I dwell in God the peace of God's family life will reign in me.

God is the King. I must bow before Him in humble obedience. For the kings of the earth shall

bow down before Him and bring their gold and silver to His feet.

God is a rock. I will build my life, centre my thoughts, my efforts and my hopes there. Then when the rain comes, the floods roll, the winds howl I shall be safe on the Rock of Ages.

God is a fortress. When hard driven, to Him I will fly and scorn the foes. For no power can assail and conquer Him.

God is shade. Out of the pitiless sun and the burning heat in Him there is coolness, greenness and pastures new. "The Lord is thy shade."

God is a harbour. "Harbourless, and he harboured me."

"Sweetly enough he rideth," says old Thomas à Kempis, "whom the Grace of God carrieth; who is borne by the Almighty and led by the Sovereign Guide."

God is a judge. And He has turned all judgments into the hands of His Son, who is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh.

God is a father. "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

"What shall we say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?"

XVII

"Where Are the Marks?"

WHETHER we know it or not everybody carries the marks of their work on their body and sometimes on their souls. The kind of marks depends on the labour. Carpenters have scars, blacksmiths bulging muscles and rough hands, scholars and professors stooped shoulders, chemists acid stained hands.

An English "Tommywaac" (that is, a lady enlisted in the women's army auxiliary corps), working in the aviation section, wrote: "My finger-nails are spoiled with stretching the fabric and the muscles of our wrists are very much developed. But who cares for ugly nails or anything else, when the commanding officer says we created a record for speed and workmanship?" She was proud of the proofs of her calling. When any one asks her what she did during the War, all she need do is to show her marks.

There is a legend of old St. Martin: Sitting one day in his monastery cell, busily engaged in his sacred studies, he heard a knock at the door.

"Enter," said the monk.

The door opened and there stood a stranger in princely attire.

"Who art thou?" asked St. Martin.

"I am Christ," was the answer.

The confident bearing and the commanding tone would have overawed a less wise man. But the monk simply gave his visitor one deep, searching glance and then quietly asked, "Where is the print of the nails?"

The Lord Jesus Christ is a saviour of men, women and children. For that express purpose He came into the world. On His person He carries the proofs of His calling. The pretender with the kingly style and beautiful dress could not prove his claim.

No work of saving us could be done without leaving its marks. The Gospel of God our Saviour is the story of a wounded Christ, with His hands torn by the nails.

> "Hath He marks to lead me to Him
> If He be my guide?"

Yes.

> "In his feet and hands are wound-prints."

The Apostle Paul said, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." The labour of Jesus was His; so also were the marks of the Saviour.

Our Lord has a wonderful face. Age after age has by its artists tried to reproduce the face of Christ. That face has baffled the best painters. The majestic sweetness, the high look, the calm serenity of His wondrous face made men marvel and bow their heads. Yet it was marked by scars. He carries on His brow the marks of his vocation as the Saviour of the World. How comes it, then, that there are so many smooth-browed men and women in the world? Because Jesus makes by His scars smooth, calm faces. Fair faces are made by One whose visage was marred for us. Puckered brows are smoothed out by Him.

Dan Crawford of Africa tells of a wicked old black African king, Mwepu, who was found of Christ. Like all the heathen, his face was gross, gloomy and wrinkled. "Salvation," Van Crawford says, "has taken all the angry creases out of his brow and the barometer of his face is set fair."

He looked into the marked face of Jesus and his face was changed. Gay, sunny children in our land, with brightening smiles and open, unclouded brows, owe them to Him. It is quite wonderful to think that the marked face of Jesus makes all the unruffled faces in the world.

These are not all the marks that our Lord has, only a few of them, showing how much it cost Him to be our Saviour. They are signs of His ability

to save us from sin, tokens that He suffered to make a brighter world for us. When we ask Him to receive us into His fold and church His scars are proofs that He will.

"A face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee.
See the Christ stand!"

XVIII

What Sort of a Boy Are You?

"WHAT'S in the inside of you any way?" a rich man asked a public leader in American life.

"Nothing that you could understand," was the reply he got.

A boy's life is all in the inside of him. You are what you are by the qualities hidden within. Sunday is the day for things of the spirit, the day of inward growth. Boys can grow faster on Sunday than on any other day. "What sort of a boy are you?"

Let me tell you about three kinds of fellows, or, if you like, three types of boys. Like the poor, they are always with us.

The ingrates; those who are never thankful, always complaining about their food, their rooms, their clothes, their teachers and their schools. When you get older, in high school perhaps (you can read it now if you like), you may be given "King Lear" as a study in English literature. It is probably the greatest of Shakespeare's works, turn-

ing on one idea, ingratitude. It's a tale about some ingrates. Listen to him, the old King!

"Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend, more hideous when thou showest thee in a child than the sea-monster!"

"What sort of a boy are you?" An ingrate?

On the stone in Westminster Abbey covering the grave of George Peabody there is written this statement, uttered by him in his old age and recorded by a friend who heard it: "I have prayed my Heavenly Father day by day that I may be enabled before I die to show my gratitude for the blessings which He has bestowed upon me, by doing some great good to my fellow-men." He was rich, but, what is better, a grateful man. The habit of gratefulness is a splendid one. "In everything give thanks."

Be that sort of a boy.

A near great boy is one who comes short of the goal. He belongs to the majority.

"He is a near 'great man,'" I was told of a remarkable school teacher.

Like the man in the Gospel story, he lacked "one thing." His manners were against him. He repelled when he should have drawn. He drove people away by an abruptness that could easily have been avoided. He lacked gentleness. A gentle-

man is one gentle in his ways. About Jesus, the "best of men," it is written: He was

"The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

His gentleness made Him great.

Who wants to be "near great"? Who cares to come short and be found wanting?

What would you think of a boy who was willing to be a second-rater?

"Never up, never in!" is what they say on the golf links when a shot comes short of the hole. The ball lies on the edge of the hole, nearly in.

"Never up, never in" is when a boy fails of attaining the best and lacks the power to go on.

"What sort of a boy are you?" An ingrate or a near great? Go on! Don't stop. Keep going until you get into the highest class in the moralities.

The third kind of boys is the great one.

Now that does not mean the boy at the head of the class, the best pitcher, quickest runner, the highest jumper. A boy may be a champion athlete and a leading student and yet a very little fellow after all. Cleverness, ability, strength may or may not belong to a great person.

Greatness is an invisible thing in the inside of a fellow. It can never be measured, weighed or calculated, for greatness is only expressed in character. Everybody recognises a great person when they see him or her, but few people know how to become

great. Let me tell you something: A river is a river because it is fed by hidden springs. A great character is great because of the secret springs feeding it.

We grow by our loves and admirations. It's too bad when a boy stops admiring other fellows. He has arrested his inward growth. He may stretch up to six feet in a few years but he will remain only a few feet high within. His real size is concealed.

No boy ever became great without admiration and enthusiasm for the lives of great men. Little boys—small inside, I mean—never admire. They rarely enthuse, and they see all the faults and foibles of others.

Lord Bolingbroke, the British statesman, was at a large party. Many subjects were turned over in conversation. Then the famous Duke of Marlborough was discussed. Everybody had something to say against him. He was avaricious, everybody knew that! Bolingbroke was silent.

"How is it that you say nothing?" one of the company inquired. "You knew him better than any of us and could tell us a good deal about him."

"He was a great man," Bolingbroke replied, "and I have forgotten his faults."

The spirit of the answer was splendid. Forgetting what all the world knows and remembering what everybody ignored in John Churchill, Duke

of Marlborough, showed a fine, gracious spirit. Bolingbroke saw greatness where others only saw meanness.

Two boys who had spent in the country a day
Were asked what impressions they carried away.

Said one, "I'll remember through all my life long
A regal white lily—a lark's perfect song!"

The other cried, frowning, "I'll never forget
Those pestering flies and the dust that we met!"

Which kind are you?

The big boy in the inside, remember, is always ready to follow a leader, to have some one to model after. He is what is called a hero worshipper. He wants to be a comrade of the Great Hearts. For the heroes of the world are the makers of the world. God rested the seventh day and left the world to be finished by the sons of Adam and Eve.

They have many sons. "What sort of a boy are you?" An ingrate, a near great or a great?

Did you ever ask yourself what sort of a world this would be if all the other boys were like you?

What sort of a boy was Jesus?

I am sure his life was like any other lad's of his times. At seven he went to school and when twelve he attended the Feast of the Passover. At fourteen he began his trade as a carpenter. For eighteen years he worked humbly at the bench, all the while

knowing how great he was. He took notice of the poor, saw their temptations, shared their joys, mingled with them at the feasts, played at the games, yet hiding the secret of his birth and message. He was obedient unto his parents and to all the laws of his country. His mother sought him when out on the journey. She believed in him and trusted him completely. No mother ever had such faith in a son as Mary, the mother of Jesus, had in her boy.

When the wine failed at the wedding in Cana of Galilee she turned to him. He was the sort of a boy a mother turns toward in trouble. "What sort of a boy are you?"

The better Jesus was known the greater He seemed. Nearness to Him never obscured the wonder of His character. When a boy He was independent and respectful, boylike and manly. He learnt about birds in the woods, fishes in the brooks and men in the city. He played at games.

"At weddings and at funerals
As if His life's vocation
Were endless imitation."

That's the sort of boy Jesus was. In Him "the boy" was "father to the man." He was great enough to be "kind to the unthankful and to them that are out of the way."

XIX

Where Do You Live?

DO not answer, please; for I know you want to tell me the name of your street and your number. It is all on the tip of your tongue.

It may seem a very easy question to answer, for everybody knows where they live; certainly they do.

Listen! This is a great secret. All of us have two places of residence, your bodily and your spiritual address. Some folks have several houses.

First I am going to tell you about a dangerous place to go into: Dream Castle. Be careful now! Children live in a scented air, the sun shines through the windows, the sky is always clear and bright around the Castle of Dreams. It's a house of deceit, a place of uselessness. Beware of Dream Castle!

Although the world is full of beautiful houses, finely furnished and well placed, there are a few we must avoid for the simple reason that they are bad places to live in. The choice of our living place is left with us. In order that you may pick rightly

I am going to mention and describe some of the places where you can live.

Hovel of Discontent.

Where is it? Down at Grumble Corner. The family grumble all the time. You can tell them on the street. They are sour-looking, discontented and sullen.

I don't think they wash their faces very often, for the boys are always sickly and the girls untidy. I heard one of them sing:

"Show me the way to Laughter Town,
For I have lost the way."

They were perhaps moving to that fine town and stopped at Grumble Corner.

If you happen to know any boys or girls living there tell them to flit at once.

Cottage of Content.

Well! That's a nice place for an old lady to live in. There's honeysuckle flowering over the porch, canaries singing in the sitting-room, the windows are all shaded, and the peace of silence reigns in every room.

The folks who live in the Cottage of Content are always looking backwards, if they look in any direction. God put our eyes in our faces to remind us that we were to be always looking ahead; look-

ing up to God in thankfulness and looking down in pity and onward in progress.

House of Good Will.

O, it's a beautiful place! All the children have "morning faces" and summer in their hearts. Over the door is written, "Peace and good-will towards men."

"The beauty of the house is order
The blessing of the house is contentment
The glory of the house is hospitality
The crown of the house is godliness."

Move in for the furnishings and the house are beautiful.

House of Pilgrimage.

I must tell you where that place is. It's in the centre of the city, on Thanksgiving Street. There are plenty of vacant houses on the street. A lease can be had of a Pilgrimage House and you can live there, as the story books say, "happy ever after."

Listen! It's a great secret, and I would not like to offend any of the other people in town. It's perfectly true, though: all the best people in town live there.

The name of the house I get in the Bible, *"The House of my Pilgrimage."*

Nobody growls, scowls, frowns, complains or looks sad. The family, father, mother, brothers,

sisters, sings all the time. The girls have smiles and the boys wear big grins.

Come on in, boys, and see the house.

Come on in, girls, and rest awhile.

Come on quick! Don't wait!

I must cry out loud to these children, going down the street: Ho! Ho! "Where dwellest thou?"

XX

What's Your Name?

THE catechism in a great church has for its opening question, "What is your name?" followed by another question, "Who gave you this name?"

About the first thing we need and the first thing we get in this world is a name. Could you think of a man without a name? We keep our name, whatever else happens to us. Usually our names are not bestowed on us in a light, careless way. Fathers and mothers give a good deal of attention to our names.

In India boys and girls are frequently named after the gods. European countries vary in the custom of naming children. One country I know very well has the fashion of always calling the eldest son after his father.

Indians out on the prairies would name their child after the first thing they saw when they went out of the tent. Some of the names were very strange,

"Little Rain on the Face," "Running Elk," "Lone Wolf."

Behind our names however there lies a lot of history, family pride, honour and hard work. All of you, I am sure, have good names. Whatever else you do in the world, be worthy of your good name.

Alexander the Great once chanced to notice a soldier of his army behaving in a mean and cowardly manner.

"What is your name?" demanded the conqueror.

"Alexander," was the frightened reply.

"Then," said the great man sternly, "either change thy name or thy behaviour!"

Changing one's name is not easy. I saw in today's newspaper a list of twelve persons by the name of Kaiser. They were applying to the courts to have their names changed to something worthy and honourable.

One of my classmates in college had an awkward, odd name; good name, but people were apt to smile when it was given out. He had it changed, shortened and Americanised.

Maybe some boy you know about has "a bad name." He is very careless perhaps about his conduct. "He has a bad name," people will say, and shake their heads. "What can we do with him?"

Change his name by loving grace; that is all. Law is not needed to change our name before God. It's His promise which cannot be broken: "He will give you a new name." A new heart gets us a new name.

Names have wonderful power. The name of the President of the United States at the end of a paper can make a holiday all over the land. I wonder if that is the reason some boys would like to be President!

The name of the Secretary of the Navy would get us into any dockyard in the United States or on any warship. I don't know for a certainty but I think the name of the Secretary of the Treasury on an order might get us a hatful of dollar bills in Washington.

The name of the Governor of the State would get a criminal pardoned for his crime.

So you see how magical a name can be.

There is a name, however, more potent than any of these. It works more wonderful things. In every country, under every flag, in every age, wherever we are, for two thousand years the name of Jesus has been able to get sinning folks pardon for all their sins. Is there anything greater than that?

Once in Turkey I heard the soldiers pray in the name of Allah. All the Christian prayers in the

world are made in the name of Jesus. He is the namesake of God, greater than any other. We ask God for daily bread, help, light, peace, in the all powerful name of Jesus.

When we do well in school we are adding to the honour of the family name. Telling the truth, acting nobly, behaving gently and nicely, all bring honour upon the family name.

"Never disgrace the name you bear; add glory to it!" was the advice of a father to his boy who was going to India.

We add to all the glory that comes to God's name by our character. What we do and what we say puts lustre to the name of God.

Is that not a worth while task for our lives? My name can add glory to the name of God. What a great honour we have!

Christians bear the name of Christ. We are baptised into the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. That should mean so much to us! It gives us a standing in the Church and the world.

"What a boy says—is something.

"What a boy does—is more.

"What a boy is—is most."

The name he bears is something worthy. By the name and power of Christ we can be all that those who bear our name desire for us.

"Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!—

. . . . .

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee;
We feel we are something—that also has come from Thee.
We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt help us to be.
Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!"

XXI

What Is Stronger than a Lion?

EVERYBODY answers at once, "An Elephant!" Perhaps a few boys think it's a rhinoceros. But really very few people could guess. "What is stronger than a lion?" is a puzzle question, meant to trip you up. Some boys and girls are clever at answering these puzzling questions. Many of you could give me near answers, but the correct answer no one would suspect.

Now this is a question about strength. Boys go to gymnasiums, play ball, skate, swim and go on hikes to become fit and strong. Look at the lion's paw, so strong that it could bring a man down with one stroke. Its roar is the loudest noise in the forest. It can make more noise than a hundred boys and three hundred girls. An English naturalist explains that "the lion roars because the hyoid-bone in his throat is loose." We always thought he roared because some one twisted his tail.

What really could be stronger than a lion? He is the king of the forest, master of all the animals in the jungle.

The answer to the riddle is simple: A man is stronger than a lion. He can hunt the forest king, make a trap that will catch the strongest lion that ever lived, shoot a gun that will make the lion drop dead without a murmur from the gigantic throat. Yes, the weakest man is stronger than the strongest lion.

"What makes a man stronger than a lion?" His muscles are not better. His legs are not so strong, his teeth nearly so long, nor has he the powerful jaw and back muscles. Oh, no!

His mind and will make him stronger. The weakest man, in a chair, unable to walk perhaps, could invent some way of leading the lion to him, plan some device to trap the wariest old monarch in the jungle. It's mental power, moral force, things in the inside of us no one ever sees. The man is stronger than a lion because God has made him after His own image. The beasts are made after their kind, the lion after the lion kind, man after God's fashion.

"What is the strongest thing in a man?" The strongest thing in a man is the power in him that lifts him nearest to God. "Thy gentleness hath made me great," an old man of the Bible said. Gentleness is strength. A gentleman is one who acts gently. He speaks gently, thinks gently. "The soft answer turneth away wrath." "Greater

is he who ruleth his own spirit than he who taketh a city."

"Did you ever hear of a lion capturing a city?" Never! Men have captured cities often and often in our day. General Allenby captured Jerusalem, the Holy City. All the lions in the world, combined into one army, could never take a city. Samson, the strongest man in Bible tales, gathered his forces together and captured the Philistines, yet he was only able to lift the gates of Gaza off their hinges, a feat no lion could ever do. The strongest force in us is our spirit.

The weakest power becomes the strongest. An old lady in London asked for leave to visit a certain bad district, with all sorts of poor foreigners, thieves and bad characters. She got access to places where stronger people would have been turned away. No one was able to resist her gentle voice and kindly manners. Her love spirit was stronger than the evil in the district.

No one was so gentle as Jesus. He was the gentlest man in the world. Look how strong He was! He opened graves, lifted the dead, burst the tomb. Nothing could hold Him, and if He is in us we have His strength living in our hearts.

Is it not wonderful? He is able to give the secret of His strength. Jesus knows how strong He is. Lions never know how strong they are. Sam-

son, the strongest man, could never tell why he was stronger than other men. Jesus knew the fulness of His power. "All power is given unto me." Jesus in us makes us powerful, stronger than lions. Our Saviour tells us the secret of His strength. Here it is:

"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly."

And Paul tells us how we may become very, very strong: "My strength is made perfect in weakness."

XXII

Are We Down-hearted?

THE soldiers at the front call to one another, "Are we down-hearted?" And the answer comes back, "No." As long as that spirit is maintained the allies will never be beaten. To be discouraged is defeat. A boy or a girl is conquered in spirit before he or she is routed outwardly. A failure in an examination takes place when a scholar is beaten down, discouraged, low in spirit. Keep your spirit on the top, and you win. Here are the rules for keeping up our hearts:

Forget your past failure.

Never let the past fault or failure cloud your present effort. Nearly everybody has failed in their past efforts. A baby's first trial at walking is very funny, always a failure. Does it give up and never try again? Never. Baby just keeps on trying until he learns to walk.

A boy's and a girl's first efforts at arithmetic are rarely ever successful.

Speakers always fail at first. Disraeli (after-

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wards Earl of Beaconsfield) was laughed at when he made his maiden speech, yet he lived to have his lightest word listened to with respect by the same men who laughed.

Nearly all the writers have failed at first. Israel Zangwill, the Hebrew author and playwright, when a school teacher timidly sent some verses to a certain American magazine. They were sent back. Years after the same paper was glad to take the lines and pay a big price for them. Zangwill forgot his first failure and went on, finally winning.

Make a failure a fresh starting place.

At the end of a failure you have always a new chance ahead.

Your life may be made or lost at one point. Three words changed a man and started him upwards in his life. He strolled into a church and heard the fifth chapter of Genesis read.

"Enosh lived nine hundred and five years, 'and he died'; Seth, nine hundred and twelve, 'and he died'; Methusalah, nine hundred and sixty-nine, 'and he died.'

"The frequent repetition of the words 'and he died,' notwithstanding the great length of years they had lived, impressed him so deeply with the thought of death and eternity that he became a changed man."

He took a fresh grip on life.

John Cassell, founder of a great publishing house in London, began life as a jobbing carpenter. "I were summat ruff afore I went to London," he explained once. He was certainly very poor and, after trying life in a cotton factory and later in a velveteen factory, he took to carpentering, though he was at best a rough workman, doing odd jobs. Then came the turning point of his life. He heard a lecture on temperance. It bit itself into his mind and he became a temperance lecturer and trudged the country in his workman's apron, speaking for the cause so near his heart.

At Exeter Hall, when speaking, the idea seized him. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "Give the people mental food and they will not thirst after the abominable drink which is poisoning them."

So he began to issue cheap illustrated magazines, the first publication being called "The Working Man's Friend," and gradually built up the publishing house which is to-day Cassell and Company.

After failing as a carpenter, a factory worker, a lecturer, "Was he down-hearted?" Never! He began again in a new business.

When you fail, start all over again in some new way.

Have confidence in yourself.

A task is half done if you are sure you can do it. A lesson is nearly learnt when you have determined

to learn it. A fault is half overcome when you know it's wrong to continue in it and start in dead earnest to master it. A sin is on the way to forgiveness when you make up your mind to confess and forsake it.

The first stage in anything is getting confidence and being encouraged and showing your heart. "Have faith in God," and then you will have confidence in yourself.

We have come to the last rule and the one that completes all the others:

Remember Jesus Christ.

"Was Jesus ever down-hearted?" Never! He was the undiscourageable man. Nothing dampened his faith in Himself or His work. Jesus knew that God was true to His word, and "Truth is just the other side of courage." He had the courage to wait, which is sometimes a hard thing to do. Sometimes we have to wait a long time before we see the results of going to school and being faithful in our studies. We get discouraged when we see more brilliant fellows doing easily what we find it hard to do. Moses waited forty wilderness years when his followers were in the desert school. Remember God is patient and have courage enough to wait. God's patience with us gives new courage.

This is a great secret. Our Saviour's life and work were on the face of it a failure, but He trusted

God to make it "all right." It has taken Him two thousand years, and it is not finished. When down-hearted, then, discouraged and failing, remember Jesus. He is our example. Hundreds of years before He was born it was said of Him by the prophet Isaiah:

"He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He hath set justice on the earth. And the isles shall wait for Him."

XXIII

What's Your Rank?

RANK is a very important thing in Government service, whether with the Army or the Navy. Soldiers, sailors, consuls and ambassadors are ranked according to their years in the service or their ability.

Men value their rank, for certain privileges, rights and honours go with rank and rating. Boys' Brigades have officers of different ranks. Boy Scouts have leaders. Ability and service make them fit for these positions. We are not to despise rank, only to get the right angle on it.

What I want to make clear to you is, that these ranks are all conferred by government authority. No one can take the rank himself; he must wait until it is given him. Yet boys and girls are always rating themselves, trying to establish a rank at school, in the athletic games, seeking rank as ball players, students and leaders. We are always ranking ourselves.

Dr. Vaughn, head master of Eton School, once said to a boy: "When you leave here, first be a

Christian, then a gentleman and last of all a scholar."

That was ranking correctly, putting the things to be in their right order.

Once there was an English cardinal, a man of great ability and fine gifts, noted for his influence, and as he lay dying he was heard to say, "If I had served God as faithfully as I have served my king He would not have forsaken me." He put the King before God and lost everything. We must put God first, serve Him before any one else. The Cardinal ranked the King above God and found himself deserted in the end. Let God have His rank, which is the highest and first place.

To be a gentleman is a noble thing. But a Christian is a man of higher rank. Yet a man may be a gentleman and not a Christian. Gentlemen are made from the skin inwards and Christians from the heart outwards. As Robert Burns, the ploughman poet of Scotland, puts it:

> "The heart is aye the part
> That makes us right or wrong."

To get a high rank and be bigger than a general or an admiral we must attend to our hearts and keep them right. Our rank rises from our hearts.

I heard of a general in a European army who was seen talking to a poor woman.

"You should not talk to that woman. Remember your rank!"

"What if my Lord had considered His rank?" the General answered quietly.

"Jesus, the name high over all." How did he get His name above every name? Simply by taking the lowest rank. He emptied Himself of all His titles that He might have a title to something eternal. Our Saviour became poor that we might be rich. Jesus is the most famed man in the world. His name is best known. Thousands of millions of men own their allegiance to Him. He outranks all the kings of the world. And the wonderful thing about it all is, He never considers His rank.

And now the last point I want you to remember: By not considering your rank you get the highest rank. Samuel Rutherford, a man you will likely read about when you get older, wrote a very wealthy man who was growing proud:

"Be humble, man; walk softly. Down, down with your sail! Stoop, man, stoop; it is a low entry at Heaven's gate."

Forget yourself in what you are doing and in what you want to be. And this brings me to the text:

"Christ made Himself of no reputation. . . . Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him and given

Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow and every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

XXIV

Who Can Harm You?

BATTLESHIPS have a row of plates along their sides. It is called the armour belt. It is made of thick, hard steel plates, running along the water line. The idea is that shells will not be able to penetrate the steel defence when the vessel is in action. Defence the naval officers consider nearly as valuable as guns. Fighting ships have guns for shooting, masts for signalling and armour for protection. An armoured cruiser is a ship with great speed and strong defence.

Going into the battle of life is serious even if it is a glad affair. We must look to our defences. Repelling attacks and warding off blows compose a great part of the fight. So men have used various forces of their own making to ward off the attacks on the soul.

Hard work has been commonly used.

In the days of old when the monks thought themselves assailed by the Devil they immediately applied themselves to some laborious task. Instantly

jealousy, unclean desires and frivolous notions were repelled by the armour of work. Work is a good defence sometimes.

Good habits are strong defences. A distinguished lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, had a plan for each hour of the day:

> "Six hours to sleep, to law's grave study six,
> Four spent in prayer, the rest on nature fix."

Idleness could never find a crack in that man's armour. The habit of prayer—having a time to say our prayers and remember God's goodness—is one of the noblest things we can do; whatever you forget or remember, learn to acquire the habit of prayer. As a defence it ranks among the highest.

Enthusiasm is another plate of armour. Now we are rising on to higher ground. Enthusiasm means to be enclosed with God, to be wrapped around with a great purpose.

The world owes much to its enthusiasts, men who are engrossed in one idea. Burbank is an enthusiast over plants. Edison is enclosed in his enthusiasm for electric discoveries. Roosevelt is enthused with Americanism. Cromwell was inflamed for Puritan England, Joan of Arc burnt with enthusiasm for France. Francis Xavier had such an enthusiasm for God that he went to the walls of China, crying, "Rock, O Rock, when wilt thou

open unto my Maker?" All the petty, fretting things, the ignoble temptations dash themselves to pieces against the enthusiasm of these men for their object in life.

Zeal was the Apostle Paul's protective armour. He was zealous for the best. Your zeal, to be really defensive, should be well directed.

In the play of Henry VIII Cardinal Wolsey was sorry his zeal was all wrong. It travelled along the earth instead of rising to the skies.

> . . . "I have ventured,
> Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
> This many summers in a sea of glory,
> But far below my depth."

He was left alone in the world when he needed a friend, and very sorry for his misdirected zeal he must have been.

> "Had I served my God with half the zeal
> I served my King He would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Defenceless, exposed and helpless, because his zeal went to a king instead of God!

"Zealots" were men who in Bible times boasted of their zeal for the law. An Apostle was named Simon Zelotes. Some Jews were zealots. All Christians should be zealous for that which is good. Better than a determination to succeed, a defence

stronger and harder than work, good habits or enthusiasm is zeal for our God. He will never forsake those who are zealous for Him. Nothing can be higher, cleaner or better than zeal for a person like our Christ. What better protective armour can children enter life with than a pure zeal? Nothing is equal to the defence of zeal.

What are you zealous about? It's a test of your character. Where is your zeal directed? It determines your destiny. Who are you zealous about? Yourself or Christ?

What are your defences? "Who is he that will harm you if ye be zealous of that which is good?"

XXV

The White Sunday

(Whitsuntide)

LONG years ago William the Conqueror landed in England and overran the country with his Norman soldiers. These Frenchmen used their own language, and many of their words seemed unpronounceable. *Huit* is French for light. Englishmen found it hard to pronounce and even more difficult to spell, so French ***huit*** came to be spelt by the English ***white***.

Whitsunday comes about the eighth Sunday after Easter; in the Church year it commemorates the descent of the Holy Spirit among men. It was the custom to dress in white for baptism on that particular day. So it is easy to see how the day became *White Sunday* or Whitsunday.

Christmas Day is the birthday on earth of the Eternal Jesus; Whitsunday is the descent on earth of the Eternal Spirit.

Yes, but some of you naturally say: "Jesus was a man and people saw Him when He lived in Gali-

lee. Who and what is the Holy Spirit? If He is a man what does He do? Where is He? Where does He live? Has any one ever seen Him?"

It would take a long time to answer fully all these questions. Some of them are hard. But let me try to explain something of the nature and work of the Ever Blessed Spirit.

The Holy Spirit is the family name of the third person in the Trinity. In the one God there are three Persons, and the Spirit Holy is one of them, equal with God and Jesus.

He came to this world because Jesus said He would send Him. The Master was going away, and his followers, Peter, James and John and all the rest of them, were sorry.

"How can we get along without Him?" they asked.

"We'll surely forget all the wonderful words Jesus told us," all of them agreed.

"Let not your heart be anxious," Jesus replied to the downcast Apostles. . . . "The Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things and bring to your remembrance all that I said to you."

Whitsuntide is the fulfilment of the promise of Jesus.

How wise is the Saviour! He knew that we are better at forgetting than remembering.

Have you not heard people say, "I wish I could remember all the things I have heard?" Well, that is exactly what the Holy Spirit does. He is the rememberer of God.

The hymns you learn, prayers you hear, words of scripture you recite, creeds you memorise when in Church and Sunday School, at home, in classes and at day school are not lost. When we need them the Holy Spirit brings them back into our remembrance.

The Holy Spirit is God's Seal.

"Who also sealed us and gave us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." He confirms believers into Christ. He makes our attachment to the Saviour sure. He, the Holy Spirit, assures us that we are in possession of Jesus, the truth. The servants of God are all of them sealed by the Holy Ghost.

Our Baptism and the Gift of the Holy Spirit are connected with each other. Those who were brought into the Church in the early days were alluded to as "the sealed ones." When they did anything very wrong, fell into sin and grieved the Holy Spirit, they would say, "I broke the seal."

An old Church Father, Clement, wrote to his children, "Keep the flesh pure and the seal unbroken."

Emperor Tiberius made an order that any one

who carried a particular ring on his finger must never go into a wrong or a dirty place. Shall those who have the seal of God's Holy Spirit not act according to God's order? Keep the seal unbroken.

The Holy Spirit is the giver of the gifts of God. After Pentecost and the Spirit of Power had come upon the Apostles they did extraordinary things. They had power to do the impossible.

"Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto you. . . . In the name of Jesus rise up and walk."

Peter had the gift of healing donated by the Holy Spirit. Augustine had special power bestowed to write. Athanasius, the hero, was made heroic by God's Spirit.

Francis of Assisi had the gift of love, Martin Luther, the gift of courage, John Calvin, the gift of thought, John Knox, the gift of prayer, John Wesley, the gift of preaching, Whitefield, the gift of oratory.

"The Holy Spirit is the Glad Spirit," says the Shepherd of Hermas.

Why? Because every glad man does what is good and thinks what is good.

The Spirit Holy makes gladness, joy and peace.

"All the wrong I ever did I did when I was unhappy," said Charles Kingsley. It's the work of

the Heavenly Dove to make the world glad. Wherever He goes there springs up in the heart melody and song. I always think Clement had the Holy Spirit inspiration when he said:

"Praising we plough, singing we sail."

Whitsunday is the springtime of the soul, the bird singing season in the heart, the flood tide of love, when God makes holy things to rise to their highest heights.

"Be filled with the Spirit," the Bible says. And we can be if we will open our hearts to Him.

Whitsunday, then, is a great Season of the Church. We received God's spirit on the first White Sunday. Sealed for Him, let us keep the seal unbroken. He is the gift of God to all who believe on the Son of God.

What happens when the Holy Spirit comes? We are made free, glad, gifted and holy.

"When I found Him in my bosom,
Then I found Him everywhere,
In the bud and in the blossom,
In the earth and in the air;
And He spake to me with clearness
From the silent stars that say,
'As ye find Him in His nearness
Ye shall find Him far away.'"

XXVI

Timothy the Timid

WHEN should the training of a child begin?" "With the grandmother," was the witty answer.

Timothy's grandmother was trained for Timothy. He had a good start in life, for his mother and grandmother were godly women, skilled in the sacred writings which are able to make us wise unto salvation. Yet he was a timid youth.

This young man, Timotheus, became the closest and dearest friend of Paul.

Listen! Hush! Paul and Barnabas had a quarrel. Barnabas was in the right, Paul was in the wrong. Oh, they made it up afterwards! They fell out about Mark, the man who wrote the Gospel, and Paul took Timothy with him on his travels.

Timothy was naturally timid, born with a distrust of himself which his friend and companion saw. Constantly he laboured over his "son in the faith." "Timothy, our good brother, God's minister, beloved and faithful child, he served me as a child serves his father."

What a superb testimony to Timothy! Yet this youth was diffident, shy and timid.

Paul tested his youthful friend's reality. Alongside of Timothy in a sea of difficulties he sank Demas just as a jeweller gives the water test to diamonds. When an imitation and a real diamond are placed together under water the light in the imitation is extinguished and the genuine one sparkles, even better under the water than in the air.

Under the waters of sorrow and trial the true servant of God, Timothy, shone out brilliantly, a real jewel of the King. The light of Demas went out.

Paul tested the sacrificial spirit of Timothy. The world was in an awful state of despair, discouragement and songlessness. Paul took Timothy with him on his voyages and travels. He did his duty, yet he was timid. He sacrificed himself in the safe path of duty.

Benvenuto Cellini was taught to play the flute by his father, an ardent musician. The boy disliked music and would have preferred to give all his spare time to drawing; but he patiently practised the flute until he became a very excellent performer and was chosen to assist at a concert of sacred music before the Pope. The Pontiff noted the young flutist particularly and offered him a

post in his service and, learning of his love for drawing, promised that his duties and salary as court-musician should leave him plenty of time and money to pursue the drawing that was to make him famous. So does the path of duty lead in God's good time and way to the path of high usefulness and holy service.

Timothy, afraid, went the journey of duty and all the Christian world remembers his spirit and feels encouraged.

Timothy is the patron saint of the bashful.

Paul urged Timothy always to play the game. Writing at the end of a letter, he said: "I have played a good game"—for you, timid youth, as well as for myself. "I have observed the rules of the faith."

"Let no man despise thy youth, but be thou an ensample to them that believe, in word, in manner of life, in love, in faith, in purity."

So Timothy, the timid, was tested, tried, purged and strengthened and had what Paul urged him to get:

. . . "A spirit of power, of love and of a sound mind."

XXVII

Soldiers Three

Andrew, the Discoverer

"WHEN did creation begin?" a teacher asked a class.

"When Columbus discovered America," a small boy piped up.

Columbus was a great discoverer. Balboa discovered the Pacific, Magellan a way around the end of the Continent and Captain Peary the North Pole.

But Andrew made the greatest discovery of them all: He found Christ. He never started anything nor said wonderful things. He asked no great questions, did nothing heroic or daring like Peter. Unlike John he never wanted to call down thunder and—and—he never betrayed his Master like Judas!

Yet Andrew ranks as one of the world's greatest discoverers, for he found the one all the prophets had spoken about, the person that all the types and figures in Jewish history pointed to, the expected one. Isaiah had described Him, Jewish mothers

had prayed that He might come. The man with the four names, the wonderful Messiah, Andrew discovered. A very common man, a poor fisherman, but he made an uncommon rich find one day. He found what the world had been expecting, longing and wearying for, Jesus Christ, the Lord of Hosts.

Andrew made still another great discovery. It happened on the hillside one day, when the crowds out of mere curiosity wandered after Jesus. Around Him they gathered like a herd of lost sheep. The sun began to set, and the night clouds appeared in the sky. The Lord felt sorry for the poor people. He knew they were hungry and tired.

"Whence are we to buy bread that these may eat?" Jesus said to Philip.

Then Philip did some rapid mental arithmetic. "Two hundred shillings' worth of bread is not sufficient for them that every one may take a little," he answered.

Andrew, the Discoverer, had his eyes wide open. Discovering Christ is only a beginning for other and richer discoveries. "Here," he said, "is a lad with five loaves and two small fishes. But what are these among so many?"

Having found the lad with the bread, he did the best possible thing, brought both to Christ. Philip was afraid of the expense, Andrew of the scant

supply. Christ, a multitude of hungry, tired people, a boy with five little loaves and two small fishes, and Andrew, standing in doubt, saying by his attitude, "There now, Lord! I have done my part. The rest all lies with you."

He was putting Jesus in a position where He had to do something. He was daring the Lord and in doing so made his second discovery.

Oh, it was as great, nearly as remarkable, as the first! What a wonderful discovery he made, that Jesus is ready for every crisis in life! Prepared for all emergencies, sufficient for all demands, powerful enough to multiply all our little possessions if they are only placed in His hands!

Andrew was a revealer of the riches of God, a "finder-out" for others of the Saviour, a pioneer in the ways of salvation.

I wonder if you have made any discoveries for yourself. Men and women find locations for their homes but fail to discover a home for their souls. You may have found companions for school days but have you discovered one for life?

Schools help children to find their vocations, their work in life. But Andrew did more than all that: He found Christ, who is the Way of Life.

Greater than discovering continents, exploring rivers, finding mines, uncovering pathways across

the desert, unveiling the secrets of nature is to discover Christ and His riches.

Have you discovered Jesus for yourself, as Andrew did? Happy are you if you have, for He is the entrance into the wealth of the world.

XXVIII

Barnabas the Encourager

ONE winter night we were looking at a chart of the skies. We took the chart out and laid it on the lawn and tried to trace the various groups of stars. First we found the North Star, bright and clear, in the sky and then singled out the others.

Now Jesus is the sun in the heavens, Paul could be compared to the North Star and Barnabas to one of the stars of second magnitude. Next to Paul he shines brightest in the New Testament sky.

He was born on the Island of Cyprus. His parents probably had copper mines, so he was rich. A warm, genial, generous man, big in heart and body, when he fell under the charm of Christ he sold his lands and laid the money at the Apostles' feet.

Charles Kingsley wrote to his future wife, "My soul, my body, my intellect, my very love, I dedicate them all to God." Any one, big or little, who can make such a surrender as that has laid the foundation of a great character; Barnabas, in act,

laid everything he had at God's command. He made a great surrender.

There are good men who are very cautious. Barnabas was very bold in doing the right thing. Paul had become a Christian. His bad name as a persecutor went ahead of him. None of his new friends, I am afraid, cared for him. His old ones cast his name in the dust. The disciples were afraid of him and refused to believe he was in earnest.

Barnabas stood up for Paul. He championed him and said: "Paul has seen the Lord and preached boldly in Damascus."

This brotherly man was brave enough to stand by an unpopular brother Christian. I am sure Paul felt grateful to Barnabas, for it was under the shadow of his personal friendship he found his footing in the Christian company.

Down in Antioch the new Christians were having a hard time. Their old evil habits clung to them like limpets on a rock at sea. Some of them were guilty of doing bad things. They meant well but were wofully ignorant. A man with faith, patience and love was needed to help them.

"Send Barnabas," the Apostles said. "He's the right man! He can help without finding fault, correct their errors without driving them to despair. He has sense and sympathy."

"Yes, yes, let Barnabas go to Antioch," they all cried.

So he went and looked at those spotted folks down in Antioch.

Do you know about the spots in the sun? An astronomer has measured one big enough to take in a world thirteen times larger than the earth. Another patch has been discussed 50,000 miles in diameter.

Now if we told a blind man about the sun spots he would laugh and say, "You surely must have trouble getting into the sunlight!"

We don't care how many spots the old sun has, do we? No. We see the sunlight, and it gladdens our hearts. Nobody ever looks for specks in old Sol except the astronomers.

Barnabas found what he was looking for, the brightness of God's love and the sunshine of His face. If he saw the spots on the Antioch people he said nothing about them.

Listen! We see what we are looking for. Have you seen any boys and girls that will be honoured men and women some day? Do you see the faults in others or do you see the good in them? It's only the eyes of love that see the loveliness in others.

"He was glad," the Bible says, and encouraged these speckled folks.

Barnabas was an encourager. The Brotherhood

of Barnabas is an order we can all belong to. No admission fee is needed. No office bearers, no meetings, no roll cards, no rules, except one, just to encourage others.

Let us all "join up" to-day the Society of Encouragers, the blessed Brotherhood of Barnabas.

Big brother Barnabas was a man with only one talent, the power to encourage. His one gift he gave to God. His only endowment he used and God multiplied his influence away beyond his own dreams.

Strong, tender, loyal Barnabas! We honour him for his good works. We will follow his example and ask that it be said of us, as it was of him:

. . . "He was a good man, full of the Holy Spirit and of faith."

XXIX

Storing Up Light and Power

ONE night I called at a doctor's house in the country. Up from the cellar a throbbing, humming noise was rising. "What's that?" I asked.

"Oh, that's the engine, filling the batteries. We are storing up our light and heat for to-morrow," the doctor's wife replied.

Like a wise woman she was getting ready for the future. Whatever else we may want after bread and butter (and of course some jelly) I am sure we shall need light to walk by and power to live right.

Some days are dark and dull like a November fog. Other days everything goes wrong; we are cross and out of sorts. Now God's idea for us is that we should go through the world with blithesome "morning faces," scattering the sunshine of love and light over the world, as God spreads the dew on the fields.

"How can we do it?"

I looked up and David Livingstone sat on the edge of the book shelf.

"David Livingstone," I said, "tell me what you did when in the forests of Africa, all alone, surrounded by enemies, listening to the growls of lions, groping your way through the jungles. Where did you get your light and power to do all that?"

His face beamed as if the setting sun had struck it.

"When a boy in the Blantyre Sunday School, and in my father's home, I memorised some parts of the Bible, and in my tent at night I would repeat them.

" 'Trust in the Lord with all thy heart and lean not on thine own understanding.' 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths.'

"Light stored up in Scotland," he said, "lit up my pathway and my lonely hut in central Africa."

He was getting ready when a boy, storing up for the years of need and the days of darkness.

A knock came at the door.

"Come in," I said. And Captain Robinson of the Glendoon entered.

"Captain, I'm glad to see you! Tell me what you did on the night watches that time you came from Africa to New York in 36 days."

"Well! It's lonely on deck, walking up and down under the stars, and I would repeat the Col-

lects, the Lessons for the Day and recall the hymns I learned in my father's house," he answered. "And the dark night was bright with a new kind of light and I faced the temptations of the shore with less fear."

Let us cross the Atlantic and get to London city quickly, down to the West End, and enter this mansion softly. On your tiptoes, please! Listen! David Smith, Lord Strathcona, Lord High Commissioner of Canada to London, an old man ninety-three years of age, is dying. Without a pause or error or confusion he is repeating a Scotch paraphrase he had stored away eighty years ago in his humble home:

> "O God of Bethel, by whose hands
> Thy people still are fed,
> Who through this weary pilgrimage
> Hath all our fathers led!"

That had been his light and his power when up in rocky Labrador, alone among the Indians. At evening tide for him there was light.

Jesus stored the light He is shedding in the world to-day and the power he used to repel the tempter in his home in Nazareth. He got His daily strength in the same way that you do. In the synagogue, by His mother's side, he learned to repeat passages of God's word. By the power hidden in His heart when a boy He was able to say, "Begone! Get

thee behind me, Satan!" to the evil one and won a great battle for the boys and girls of the world.

He trod these paths in light and power that we might follow in strength and ease. So we will try and remember the verses of the Bible, the Psalms, the Proverbs, the music of Isaiah's words, the hymns of the Church, and "let the word of God dwell in us richly."

They're a hidden power and a constant protection, the slumbering words of life:

"Thy law have I hid in my heart that I may not sin against thee."

"Thy word is a light unto our path and a lamp unto our feet."

XXX

God's Multiplication Table

GARIBALDI is one of the heroes of Italy. He set out to free his country with 1,000 men, jammed into two small steamers. Doctors, merchants, lawyers, engineers, authors, priests, butchers, cobblers and candlestick makers composed his heroic army. They sailed out of Genoa at midnight, stole some ammunition from a fort, eluded two warships, crammed with soldiers. By a secret way they reached Palermo, threw up a barricade and fought as if all Europe was their reserve and at their backs.

At last the Government sent an ambassador out to offer the city to Garibaldi and to surrender. So they left the capital of Sicily in his hands.

They had beaten an army, a fleet and freed Sicily in three months. And Garibaldi gave the throne of Italy to the man who had sentenced him to death as a bandit. A rabble army of 1,000 had put 10,000 to flight.

Notice this, will you: Garibaldi was a man of faith. He believed firmly in his country's cause.

"All things are possible to them that believe." Great as a soldier, he was greater in his faith.

Now numbers are not very important with God. The little host, the small army with faith is a mighty force when God is trusted. Faith is God's power, multiplying our power. Two times one makes two with us. Two times one can make a thousand with God. His multiplication table is different from ours.

Some folks imagine there must be a big army to win battles. Most of the great battles in ancient wars were won by a small army against a large one.

"Our Sunday School is not big," a teacher will sometimes say, as if nothing could be done by a small school. Great, big, strong characters have been made in little Sunday Schools. Never despise the small numbers, for it is possible to have a big little school in a little church, turning out heroes of faith like Garibaldi, who was a thousand heroes.

"The Sunday School," Marion Lawrence says, "is the biggest army in the world." The mighty host began with twelve men, poor, persecuted, outlawed; there seemed very little room in the world for them. Nobody paid much attention to what they said. A Roman Emperor looked at their hands and saw the marks of labour. He dismissed them for slaves. Who was afraid of a slave? All the world feels the power that lay in the handful of men

called Apostles. It was that little band that changed the great Empire of Rome. God multiplied the twelve into a mighty legion that no man can number. He did it by the power of their faith and courage. As Thomas Hardy—I think it was he who described the English heroes—said:

> "They come beset by riddling hail,
> They sway like sedges in the gale.
> They fail and win and win and fail."

Faith is a maker of courage. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." With faith we can please Him and unloose His power. Faith is a common multiplier.

God wanted to do something for Inland China. "He wanted some one who was weak," said Hudson Taylor, "and He took me." And out of one man's faith has arisen a thousand witnesses in China. God multiplied in China a poor, weak man.

His arithmetic is wonderful and we can all learn it. All that God asks of any boy or girl is faith. All that a boy or girl can do is to believe with a boy's or a girl's faith. Then God can do all things for them, in them and through them. "How shall one chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight?" By faith!!

"Faith is the victory that overcomes the world."

XXXI

Ten Into One Equals Happiness

GOD'S arithmetic is very simple and very wonderful. He counts and measures in His own way. If I asked any of you to put ten into one and much would be left you would say it was impossible. Yet to put ten into one is the way to be happy.

What all the world is seeking is happiness. God created us for joy and happiness; the happier we are the more like God we become. Happiness is like one of the coats of mail the old knights used to wear: It keeps off the blows and darts of the enemy.

"All the wrong I ever did," said Charles Kingsley, "came from my unhappiness." Evil doers are never happy; wicked men rarely laugh, criminals rarely smile; and the way not to be wicked or in "the seat of the scornful," as the Psalm writer said, is to be happy.

I'm going to tell you what to do so that you may be happy and then let you into the great secret of the summer time in the heart:

Happiness never comes because of the things we have.

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

We should be, but we are not, for it often happens that those who have most are unhappy and those who have nothing are delightfully happy. I saw a boy fishing. He had a green sapling for a rod and string for a line. His hair was shaggy—a colt's mane—and his feet bare. On his back was an old cotton shirt with one button, and that was not at the top. The right sleeve of his shirt was half off, and the left ended above the elbow; there was a big air hole in his pants. But a merry tune rippled from his lips. He was as cheerful as a robin and as happy as a sand-piper. No king clad in ermine and seated on a throne was as happy as that boy with only two garments and his feet in a brook.

"There was once a king whose great desire was to make his people happy. So he asked two of his wise men how it was to be done and gave them two months to think about it. At the end of the time they came before him. One carried a parchment on which were written two hundred rules; the other brought—nothing. The king grew very tired before the two hundred rules were read, and he turned to the other man.

" 'What is thine answer?' he asked.

"And the man replied in two words, 'Love God.'

" 'What!' said the king; 'I asked thee how I should make my people happy, and thou tellest me to love God.'

" 'True,' replied the wise man, 'but thou canst not love God without loving thy people also.' "

Give God love and you have opened the way to happiness. So you see it's giving and not getting that makes people happy. "Give joy" is the motto hung up in the room of the Queen of Roumania.

Now we have arrived at the secret: Happiness comes from giving. What every boy and girl, however poor, can do is to love. And we know also that God is love and God is peace because He is always giving Himself away.

Now we are ready for the answer to the problem we stated, that ten into one equals happiness.

Put the ten of God's commandments into one: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy mind."

There you have the answer, and the secret of happiness.

XXXII

Subjunctive May, Imperative Must

GRAMMAR is one of the studies some children like. Whether we care for it or not I see no outlook for its being dropped out of the school course. So let us cheer up and dig, for below the surface of dry grammar there are nuggets of pure gold.

The moods in grammar mean an awful lot to us. God used them first. He began with the subjunctive, "You may," "you should," and then He went on to the imperative *must.*

Please do not regard the Father in Heaven as a hard taskmaster, constantly thundering, "You must!" His reasonableness is in keeping with His character. It was for our good, to make us happier and brighter, that God began to use the imperative mood. Then when God's only Son came down here to earth there was no difference made. Jesus had to obey when God, His Father, used the imperative *must.*

One windy night, near Jerusalem, a man named

Nicodemus called on Jesus. During the conversation the Master told His caller about a mighty imperative He had to obey: "Even so must the Son of Man be lifted up."

A terrible event awaited Him, to be raised on a cross, suffer a cruel death. His suffering on the cross who can understand?

But it was His Father's will, this lifting up on the cross. The disease of sin had to be cured. God in loving wisdom saw in the death on the cross the only remedy for our malady of evil. As the Saviour Jesus had to obey His Lord, the Father, as sinners we *must* put our faith on the uplifted Christ.

Our Redeemer in the days of His flesh was facing the cross all the time.

"He must needs go through Samaria," the story in the Bible says. Most of his friends avoided Samaria. They would go 'round another way, across the river Jordan, rather than face the Samaritans; they threw rocks and said nasty things to outsiders.

Jesus "must needs go through Samaria." Why? Because John had been captured and his followers were feeling very badly. What would happen to them? Jesus must go and cheer them up. Fear had gripped them and He must steady them.

Then of course He must do some good. Down in Samaria a poor woman—not a very nice person;

most of the village shunned her—needed Him, and, passing through Samaria, He *must* help her.

Are there any discouraged girls in your way? How many difficulties have we evaded?

Every boy and girl must go through their own Samaria. In fact, life is full of Samarias. Hush! This is a Bible secret: Jesus went through Samaria ahead of us. He knows the way. He understands all about it.

Sitting by the well, our Saviour told the poor woman one of the deep secrets of life. He said, "We *must* worship in spirit and in truth."

Notice, please, the mood. It was not the subjunctive *may, could* or *should* worship, just as we please, whenever we felt inclined. No, it was the imperative *must worship.*

"Why must we worship?" some of you are saying under your breath.

Because we are made for it. A boat is made to sail, a wagon to run, a fish to swim, a bird to fly, a flower to bloom. But all of us human beings were made to worship.

To be made worthy and put into "worthy shape" is the real meaning of worship. We must "worship in spirit and in truth" to be worthy of God.

"Who is sufficient for these demands?" perhaps you may say. "How can we go through the Samaria of life without throwing back the rocks and

retaliating with word stones that hurt more than mere words?"

The power of evil within us is so strong and we are so helpless sometimes!

Listen to me closely while I tell you how Jesus would answer. In fact He has done it.

The same night when He met Nicodemus secretly, during a pause in the conversation, when this learned lawyer was puzzled over the words Jesus used, the night wind stirred the trees. Both of them heard it.

"The wind blows where it will; you can hear the sound, but you do not know where it has come from or where it goes. It is the same," the Master said, "with those born of the Spirit."

"How can these things be?" the visitor asked, with deepening bewilderment.

Jesus was surprised at wise Nicodemus. He did not know the A, B, C of religion. Then Christ revealed one of God's great primary truths. It's the first letter in the alphabet of the Church. He uttered in the gentlest tones God's greatest imperative: "Ye must be born again."

But how can one be twice born? By believing on Jesus, the Son of God, lifted up!

XXXIII

The Magic Book

HAVE you heard about the magical carpet? All you needed to do was to sit on it and wish. Then off you went through the air, over the sea—anywhere and everywhere.

Give me your attention while I tell you about the Magic Book.

The Magic Book is a *key.* It opens doors into the wisdom that makes us wise and the goodness that makes us love wisdom.

It's a *mirror,* showing the shape and the colour of the life behind the face. The foul things and the beautiful things, the fulness and the emptiness of the unseen are revealed if you use the wonderful book.

It's a *lamp* for the night. Timid folks who are afraid of the dark only need to flash it on their pathway and the night is as bright as the day.

This remarkable volume is a *fire* that burns all the dross, cleans and refines the heart. When men fall down and lie crushed and unable to rise the

Magic Book is a *medicine,* lifting them up, reviving them and giving them strength and joy. Take it with you, and if you are hungry it will provide *food,* milk for the babes, bread and honey for the grown-ups, meat for the strong, water for the thirsty and refreshment for the weary.

Do you get dirty sometimes, soiled and stained outside and inside? The Magic Book is a *basin* where players and travellers wash all the spots and wrinkles away and are made presentable and without blemish.

Have you a garden where nothing ever grows? The words of the mysterious Book are *seeds,* which if planted shall bring forth the first fruits of the season.

Sometimes people get into a fight, when they need to defend themselves. The Magic Book is a *two-edged* sword. It cuts and lays open the hidden parts. It's the sharpest sword, the strongest weapon ever made.

It's not a musty old book, covered with cobwebs and mouldy with age. It's the oldest and the newest, simplest to read and hardest to understand. The poor and the rich can read, for it's the *living word.*

"What's the name of the Magic Book?"

"The Bible."

Yes. Quite correct.

XXXIV

"Leerie Leerie Lichtie"

WHEN you get near New York from the Atlantic Ocean Nevasink Light shines miles out on the water. It flashes great rays like silver bars on the dark water. Through the channel that your vessel sails are little barrel-like things called buoys. They bob up and down and at night they have a light on them to guide the pilot who steers the ship. In the harbour there are millions of glowing lights. Brooklyn Bridge is lit with lamps in a row, shining like a lane of fallen stars over the dark river.

Along the coast of America are lighthouses. Sometimes they are set on the river's edge or on sand banks and rocky ledges, running out to sea. Where that is impossible ships are swung on strong cables tied to anchors at the bottom of the ocean. They are called *lightships*. Sailors coming inshore try to pick up "the ship with the warning light."

Now there's a parable: Boys and girls are lights in the world.

R. L. Stevenson was a sickly child, and every evening he watched for the "leerie."

"But I when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do
O Leerie! I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you."

He wanted to be a "leerie," that is, a lamplighter and light the lamps in the city at "the gloamin'."

Great men are sometimes called "beacon lights of history." They guide some men, warn others, flash good cheer and lead heroic souls to victory.

Once upon a time an eastern king owned a precious gem called a Beryl-stone, beautifully cut and polished. When set on the royal standard it shone like the sun, spreading its mellow light for miles around. By its rays the King's army could march at night and peasants could work in the fields. It was useful as well as beautiful.

So you see a lot of good can be done by just shining. God has set us in the world and given us the light called the Holy Spirit, "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Keep the light within shining and so glorify your "Father which is in Heaven."

Now small lights have their place in the general lighting up of the world's darkness. I saw a huge battleship (one of these man-of-war ships called "dreadnaughts") in the North River of New York.

It had powerful guns and torpedoes, conning towers, searchlights, signal lamps, binnacle lamps and all the instruments of war. At night its outline was shown by thousands of small incandescent lamps. The form of the graceful ship would have been spoiled if one of them had said, "What's the use of my light among all these other lights? I'll just stop shining and no one will know." The visitors on the shore would miss the light, the bar of colour in the darkness would be broken, the outline and graceful form marred by one light refusing to shine.

God stopped the angels singing because Theocrite said, "I'll not sing; no one will ever know." He wanted the praise of little Theocrite who praised God "morning, noon and night." God the Father listens for our praise. He watches for our light to see if it is burning. All the Heavenly One, the Father of Lights, asks of any of us is to shine with all the light we have clearly and steadily, for perhaps some man, walking in the darkness, needs our light.

It is told of the great Faraday, the scientist, that once in his wanderings among the Alps he walked, in somewhat despondent mood, through a little mountain graveyard, where the neighbouring peasants were buried.

Stooping to read the epitaph on one grave, Faraday saw an empty chrysalis case, which had just

been vacated by a brilliant butterfly! The mute witness of God's miraculous power even in so lowly a form appealed to the soul and mind of Faraday and, he says, he left the little graveyard with a new confidence filling his heart, that God would bring light out of darkness for him.

Do you remember the lines in the children's hymn?

"Like a little candle
Burning in the night
You in your small corner
And I in mine."

Jesus said, "I am the light of the world." Every light is a ray from Him. All the lights in the heavens are lit at the flame of His light. It's by His light we give light, save drifting souls. "Let your light so shine before men." Think of it, the wondrous glory of God seen by our light! "Ye are as lights in the darkness." What do we do for the world?

"Ye are the light of the world."

XXXV

"Stand to the One Side, Please"

"STAND aside there, please!" a big policeman cried to some boys on the main street. The parade was coming and in their eagerness to see it they crowded out of the line.

Mister Policeman was asking a hard thing. For the boys had come a long distance to see the procession and of course they wanted to see the beginning as well as the end. As an act of obedience to the law to the one side they had to go, and they did it like good citizens. But there are times when it is cowardly to stand to the one side.

A horse is being beaten or some other dumb animal tormented; perhaps a boy or girl is being called names. Is it right to stand to the one side then?

I have read in books that girls are shabbily treated sometimes, shunned in school, left out in play and forgotten when invitations are sent out to a party. Is it right to stand to one side and let them be shunned?

In story books, pure fiction, boys stand to the one side when a big fellow is licking a smaller one. Are they not as bad as the bully? Does that ever happen in real life, eh?

Two men, good fellows, were travelling. Perhaps they had been to church on the Sunday before this happened. However, they came to a poor fellow lying wounded by the road side. He had been robbed and beaten.

"Too bad, too bad!" one of them said, shaking his head.

"It's a pity he was not armed," the other commented. "A man should carry weapons or go with somebody else on this road."

"We must hurry," both of them decided after looking at the unfortunate man for a while.

They passed by on the other side, which was very wrong. We should help our neighbours in distress.

Never stand to one side and pity when you can help. A friend of mine says that when these travellers died on their tombs should have been written:

"Here lie
Two men who always stood
On the other side."

It is not always wise to interfere in quarrels. Sometimes the wisest course is to "stand to the one side," especially when boys and girls have a scrap.

Both of the disputers are friends, your friends. One of them may be right; perhaps both of them are half right. Well! Try to unite them, if you can. If you are not able, "stand to the one side, please."

Would it have been right for the allied nations to "stand to the one side" when Belgium was overrun by Germans? The Edomites did that, secure in their mountain homes, perfectly content to watch the struggle. Safe in their rough country, they were indifferent to the sufferings of the Israelites, men and women who belonged to their own family. It was a very heartless, stupid, cruel thing to do. Obadiah, the prophet of God, blazed out in anger at them. His words were like bullets: "On the day thou stoodest to the other side . . . even thou wast as one of them."

Listen! Few people know this; it's one of the secrets of history: The Edomites stood aside because they hated their kinsmen the Israelites, and the penalty of their hatred and standing aside is their being taken off the scene of history. God wiped them out of His sight and men only know Edom as a terrible warning.

Jesus is the one person in the world who stands in our pathway. He comes directly up to us, saying, "Come after me." He says to us, "Where are

you going? Come after me!" He asks us what we think about His life.

See the Christ stand! He will not step aside. Shall we stand to the one side and have nothing to say to Him or for Him, nothing to do with Him?

If we do not confess Him we are ranked with His enemies:

"In the day when thou stoodest to one side . . . thou wast altogether such as one of them."

XXXVI

The Tree and the Life

THE Eastern desert is a bleak, bare place, with few flowers, and the trees seem living things. From the opening of spring, with the bursting buds, and the summer time, with the wind playing gently through the leaves, on to the dropping of the yellow, crumpled leaves, the trees are pictures of human life.

Trees have a human-like life. The young shoots seem like children, the full leaves, grown-up men and women, the brown leaves, old people. So it was perfectly natural than in the early days of mankind, when the world was young, men should make stories about the trees.

The Scandinavians had a tale about a great ash tree that grew outside the world. It had a queer name, Ygdrasil. Its roots, the Norsemen said, ran down to the lower world, and the branches spread up to the heavens. Three fates, past, present and future, watered the roots. The rustle of the leaves, when the wind blew strong, meant the wild rush of

human life, while the gentle swing of the summer breeze showed the quietness of a good year.

The Mohammedans said Adam, when expelled from the Garden of Eden, took two trees with him, a myrtle tree for its sweetness and the date palm for its fruit.

The Hebrews had a name for God, "He who dwelleth in the bush," or he who dwelt among the trees.

Let us see now what we can learn from tree life.

Out in the woods, among the flowering green trees, lifting their heads and laughing to one another, I saw some dead ones; bleached, bare ghosts in a forest of life. Once they were happy, fruit bearing, bird sheltering and green; then they stopped growing and died.

"Every tree in that orchard dead!" an old farmer said, pointing to the hillside.

"What happened?" I asked.

"A little scale, a mass of tiny insects so small you need a microscope to see them, grew under the bark, fattened and multiplied and—the tree died."

All the deadly scale does not grow on the fruit trees. Sometimes they fasten on a human heart. The scales of jealousy, envy, hatred, malice, they will kill every virtue and grace in a soul.

Now the pity of it all is that the scales at first

could have been brushed away with a feather. But neglect—sheer neglect—resulted in a dead orchard.

The deadly parasites in a human soul can be brushed away at church, Sunday School, at prayer. Watch and pray, lest some of the deadly germs grow in your fair soul!

Another thing we should remember about the trees: They are God's inns, His hotels for the birds, places of shelter, song and rest for the feathered guests of God in the world.

God made a variety of trees and men have helped Him. Children in the school and trees in the woods are varied. He makes us all different. Tom is the opposite of Bill, and Kate is as fair as Jane is dark. The maker of children and the master of the woods never repeats His work.

Look at the oak trees, strong and sturdy:

> "A hale, green tree;
> When a hundred years are past."

The oak has a message for every young man.

> "Crying out to us,
> 'Quit you like men, be strong!'"

The fig tree, putting forth her leaves in glad expectancy, breathes its message of hope.

Cedars speak of endurance and the Life Everlasting.

The pine tree, like the righteous man, must often stand alone.

"The pine tree standeth lonely
In an upland wild and bare;
It standeth whitely shrouded
With snow and sleepeth there."

The mulberry, last to bud, is the wisest of trees, old Solomon of the forest.

The briar speaks of desolation and death and the lands removed from the presence of God's favour.

The birch with its white bark and quivering leaves speaks of God's sense of the beautiful.

"Most graceful of forest trees,
The lady of the woods."

The maple with its broad leaves and shapely limbs, growing tall as any of its forest companions and prospering while young in the shade, teaches us to learn to labour and to wait.

The myrtle drops sweetness and love.

The mustard tree is like the faith that God gives us. It begins with the smallest of seeds but is great in its ending.

The palm tree stands the emblem of victor. A pine can climb a mountain side and wave its evening kiss to the setting sun but the palm is the gladness of the desert. It flourishes in the waste places of the earth. Graceful, slim and tapering, its

leaves quiver in the sunlight. It shakes its old head in very glee, for the time is coming when the children of men will cast its branches before the Lord of the World.

Softly! We must speak softly, for the Saviour fought a great battle for us under the trees of Gethsemane. With a sob in our voice we repeat, the whispering trees looked down on the Son of Man in agony for us. The weird, pale light of the moon, filtering through the trees, shows Jesus, praying for us.

Shadows, tears and crying under the leaves of Gethsemane. On Calvary's tree a mighty Redemption. There is whispering and walking with careful step under the trees of the Garden and shouting in triumph at the lone tree of Calvary!

"Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last
When out of the woods He came."

XXXVII

Member Me Again

REMEMBER, now! Remember!" How often we have heard these words! And we have said, "I was to remember—but I forgot."

Remembering is part of our life. Indeed, I believe it is one of the things that make for the right sort of living. In school you are storing up the lessons you wish to remember in after years. So I am going to tell you first of all the meaning of the word.

The word *remember* means literally "member me again"; make me a member of your circle again; keep a place for me in your memory, make room for me in your thoughts; do not drop me out of your life. Now with the meaning clear in our minds we will ask a question: Is there any one in the world who does not wish to be remembered?

About the answer I have no doubt. Perhaps the dearest wish in our hearts is to be remembered. It may surprise you to learn that some of the first efforts of the mind and the noblest deeds of courage

have been done out of love for the memory of some loved person. Alfred Tennyson wrote a poem which you will all read some day. It was about his friend Arthur Hallam, a rare, beautiful character; he must have been a friend worthy of the poem.

David, the Psalmist and Shepherd King, had Jonathan, the King's son, for a friend, and he wanted to keep alive the memory of him; so instead of saying, "Well, I'll not forget Jonathan!" he said, "Is there any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?"

The poet by a poem to his friend and the king by a good deed to his friend's relatives *membered again* those they loved so dearly.

Listen, will you please, while I tell you those you should remember.

First *remember your friends.* Send them tokens of friendship, tell them at Christmas and Easter and birthdays by gifts, letters, cards and visits of your love for them. When making new friends do not forget the old ones. In England, and I think also in some parts of Ireland, a sprig of rosemary was given to a bride at a wedding and carried with her to the altar, a token that she would remember the old home, the old faces, the old friends. In her new relations and wider life the old was to be remembered.

In South Wales the women carry a sprig of rose-

mary to the funerals and throw it into the grave of the one they mourn. They consider it a pledge that the dear friend will not be forgotten. These quaint customs teach us the value of remembering our friends.

Remember the heroes of the nation.

Our national heroes, the soldiers, sailor patriots, statesmen, should be held in honour and reverence. In Canada I saw in a church vestibule a tablet with the words, "Our Honour Roll of Heroes." From the church had gone forth women as nurses into Mesopotamia, Red Cross helpers to Serbia and soldiers to all the battle-fields in the Great War.

Already we are having the honour rolls in our churches in America of those who have gone forth to battle. The day will come soon when sad reminders of those who have fallen in battle will be hung in our homes and churches. Let us be proud of these men and worthy of the sacrifices they have made!

Remember our sailors, asleep in the deep. Inland people have few reminders of the seamen. Honour our brave sailors, strong, stalwart heroes of the sea.

Decoration Day is the soldiers' and sailors' "member me again," when veterans of the Civil War pay homage to their old comrades. It reminds me of a custom in New England when

friends of the sailors go out to the Ocean and sprinkle flowers on the sea, the great, heaving grave of so many seamen.

"Which of you looks for a service free?
(Hear what the sea-wind saith)
The rules of the service are but three:
. . . . . .
Steady your hand in time o' squalls,
Stand to the last by them that falls
And answer clear to the voice that calls,
'Ay, ay!'" . . .

The voice of duty calls us to remember. Let us answer, "Ay, ay!"

Remember the sacraments of the church, for they were established by our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Whatever else they are, in essence they are God's memorials. We should remember the feasts and ceremonies of God. He made them to be observed lest His name should die out.

Every baptism is God saying to us, "Member me again." The recurring sacrament of Holy Communion is done in "remembrance of me." Jesus wished dearly to be remembered, and in the upper room in Jerusalem He started his table of remembrance. "As oft as ye eat this bread and drink this wine ye do it in remembrance of me." God's Church is held together by a memorial rite. It is headed up in Christ, our Redeemer. Jesus never

wanted his followers to forget Him. He chose His death to be remembered. So let us:

". . . remember all thy love divine;
Oh, meet thou with me where thy saints are met!
Revive me with thy holy bread and wine
And may my love, O God, lay hold on thine
And ne'er forget!"

XXXVIII

P's in a Pod

GROWN-UP people have some very queer sayings. I heard a woman say, "Mind your P's and Q's." What she meant by paying especial attention to these two letters in the alphabet I really do not know. Perhaps in plain English the woman was warning her little girl to behave. Her expression set me thinking and I began to ponder on the wonderful Bible words beginning with *p*.

Give me your ears while I tell you the Gospel for boys and girls in the form of P's in a Pod:

Penitence.

Penitence is sorrow for sin, a feeling of regret for wrong-doing, a wish to do better. What is it the hymn says?

> "With a sorrow for sin
> Let repentance begin."

Penitence is the emotion that ushers in repentance, and repentance is just turning around and going in another direction.

Purpose.

We must have something to keep us going on when we change our ways. God's purpose is like Himself unchangeable. Our purposes are variable. "I, so far as it rests with me," said Paul, "intend to visit the Roman Church." His purpose he made clear. Purpose is a thing that belongs to our wills. So much rests with us! Act as if everything depended on you and trust as if everything depended on God. Such is purpose in God's way.

Power.

We may have penitence, be sincere in our purpose, but something else is needed: power. The Power of God's Grace is shown to us in His being able to forgive our sins. Christ is able to cleanse us from the guilt, the stain, the fascination and the power of sin. "All power in Heaven and on earth is given unto Him."

God's power, remember, is given through His free, rich grace.

The Duchess of Gordon learnt this prayer from a poor man:

"Lord, Jesu, from whom all Grace comes, give me Grace to feel my need of Grace; and give me Grace to ask for Grace; then give me Grace to receive Grace; and when Grace is given me give me Grace to use Grace. Amen."

Patience.

Abraham, an Eastern story says, once turned a stranger from his door because he would not join with him in his worship; when the voice of God spoke to him and said, "I had patience with that man for sixty years; could you not bear with him for one night?"

Parents need patience with children. Children in turn need patience with parents. And all of us need patience with God; for His ways are not our ways, and He hides Himself wondrously. "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart."

Praise.

"The song of the Lord began with a trumpet." God's songs are always songs of power. The trumpet is the music of challenge, defiance and battle cry. In Heaven, the old Jewish tradition runs, there is trumpet music every morning.

Bunyan says, "All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." If we begin with penitence, as Christian did, well, we can end with a shout of praise!

There you are now! The story is told, the lesson ended. Count all the P's in the Pod.

XXXIX

June Roses and the Rose of Sharon

(Children's Day)

ANCIENT Persia, away in the far East, has been called "The Land of Roses." Modern Portland, out in the far West, is the American "City of Roses."

It is commonly believed that Persia is the native country of the rose and that Alexander introduced roses into Europe. Whoever it was he did a graceful, beautiful act when he brought the queen flower to our lands.

There is a pretty story about the nightingale and the rose. So fond were the sweet songsters of the roses that they wailed in plaintive notes when the buds were gathered. This disturbed the slumbers of the other birds and they had a bird congress, where it was agreed by all that the pitiful songs and laments should be stopped. Whether the protest was a success or not I do not know.

Originally all the Persian roses were white. As became a royal flower, a bodyguard was needed.

So nature grew a circle of thorns around Her Majesty, the white rose. That is how the rose got her thorns.

Listen, while I tell you how the red roses started:

The Persian story is that the nightingale, in a frenzy of love, pressed against the thorns, and his blood gushed out and dyed the pure, white flower crimson red.

In Greece the tale was, that little Cupid was hurrying with a cup of nectar to the gods. (The Greek gods did not drink water; they thought their stomachs were not adapted for such a common drink, so they had nectar. It was the drink of the gods.) Cupid upset the cup on a white rose and instantly the flower turned red and so became the mother of all the red roses in the world.

The Christian story says that a young girl was being burned to death for a crime she had not committed. So she prayed to God for help and suddenly the fires were quenched. The fire brands had turned miraculously into the first red roses men ever saw.

So much for the ordinary garden roses. But there is another rose, not so well known, yet in a sense better known, the Rose of Sharon.

This wonderful flower, like other roses, belongs to the East. On the night of the birth lights were seen in the heavens. A small town in Bethlehem

had the honour of seeing this rare, fragrant flower for the first time. For a long time the blossom was in hiding among the hills in a little village.

Then its fame went abroad, and around the Rose of Sharon crowds gathered. Sick folks were touched by this flower and became well. Once a poor woman said, "If I only touch the edge of the leaf I'll be well again!"

One touch of her finger healed her diseases.

Some wicked men grew afraid of the power of this rare rose and they planned to crush the life out of the beautiful flower. They nailed the Rose of Sharon on two pieces of wood. A circle of thorns they plaited and put on it. Then a strange thing happened. The wounds of this Rose began to heal the ills of the world.

The seeds of the Rose of Sharon sprang up. The winds of persecution blew them everywhere. Tiny blossoms sprouted and grew in the palace of the wicked Emperor Nero in Rome. Over in Africa, in Europe and in Asia gardeners went to cultivate the tiny twigs. Desert places soon blossomed with Palestine roses. Until to-day the biggest industry in the world is the cultivation of the branches of this most fragrant flower.

The best men and women in the world are giving their time, their money, even their lives to plant

the Rose of Sharon in the dark, waste places of the earth.

The lovers of this Rose are all over the globe. Thousands would die for the Rose of Sharon. Men go into Africa, China, Japan and the cold North just to plant the seeds of Sharon's Rose.

Whenever men are cruel, bad and ignorant the good people say, "Send gardeners and plant some of our Roses."

And the wonder of it all is, men are changed by looking at the Rose of Sharon. Sin, ugliness and hatred all die out whenever the plant blossoms.

Houses for the Rose of Sharon are in all lands. Some of the noblest structures on earth are built in honour of it.

Music is made especially to sing of the sweetness, charm and power of the Mother Rose.

My brother once told me (whether it was only a sailor's yarn or not I don't know) that the native flowers of Australia have no odour. The Rose of Sharon has a fragrant odour. Those who stay near the precious blossom have the aroma clinging to their garments.

Once a very ugly, common stone had a rare fragrance. All the other rocks loved to have it near them.

"How did you get that delicious smell?" a piece of flint rock asked.

The red sandstone answered, "You can lean up against me if you will tell us."

"Well," began the rock, "one day I was lying on the roadside (you see I'm flat) and a boy came along and cried, 'Here's a fine flat stone! Watch me make it skip over the pond!'

"I never went so fast in my life. Three times I touched the water and skipped off again. I landed in a garden, in a bed of soft, white, downy things; rose leaves, they call them. When the wind blew red, white and yellow roses dropped on my back. There I lay all winter, snug on my back. Next summer the odour of those roses blew over me, the water from the leaves dropped on my back. Three long years I lay in the garden, until one day the gardener came to clean up the rose bushes. I was among the other stones he took and threw out on the roadside.

"They built me into a wall, and the children came and smelt me. They called me 'The Rose Stone.'

"Years and years I was there. When the farm was sold and the walls demolished some rough men kicked me aside and I have lain here ever since."

"Oh, that's only a story!" you say.

Yes, but it's a parable.

Common and ordinary folks are like the stone, but if they are under the Rose of Sharon, even live near the flower of Northern Syria, He will saturate

them with a delicious odour, and men will say: "Where has that boy or girl been? He is different from any other child!"

And the wise ones will smile, for they know the power of the Rose of Sharon.

XL

A Hiding-Place

"I SPY" was the name of a game in my native country. One of us would hide and the rest of us would hunt for his hiding-place. When found, we cried, "I spy!" We knew all the good hiding-places in the house and the neighbourhood. That was hiding for fun.

Adam and Eve in the Bible story, when they did wrong, hid somewhere in the Garden of Eden. They were the first people we ever read about who hid from God. It's a bad business when we hide from the eye of the Father in Heaven. And we are safe forever when God hides us. That's the first thing we want to remember about hiding-places.

Near Loch Lomond in Scotland you can see Rob Roy's cave, where the bold outlaw hid himself from the soldiers.

Along the River Nile grow tall reeds, called bulrushes, where Moses was hidden from Pharaoh's officers.

Caleb and Joshua were concealed in a house on the walls of Jericho by a woman called Rahab.

Samson, the strong man of the Bible, lay in hiding all day until the sunset. Then when all was still, at midnight, he came out, lifted off the gates of the city and ran away with them.

David, the shepherd, was compelled to hide himself for a long time in a cave called Adullum, because the Philistines were seeking him.

All these men, and many more you can read about in the Bible, had to hide themselves from their enemies. The eyes of those who sought them ran over the whole land. Human eyes failed to detect their hiding-place. Everything about the place of refuge was covered or made so that the hunters would never detect the place of hiding. But God's eyes look everywhere. They see everything. Into our hearts, minds and all our secret places the eyes of God run to and fro. That's the second thing we should know about hiding-places.

Once in Vienna by the Danube a young lady was to be married and for fun she hid in an old chest. The lock snapped and held her in for twenty years. A strange, fatal, tragic hiding-place, you will say.

Isaiah spoke of a more curious place of concealment: "A man shall be as a hiding-place."

"How can that be?" you perhaps ask.

Did you never run to your father in a thunderstorm or to hide when in the dark?

At a windy, cold street car station I saw a father

stand between his children and the cold wind and drifting snow. He put himself between the storm and his children. He was their protection from the tempest. One strong man was a hiding-place for a boy and a girl.

Long ago, in the Russian War, a soldier and a drummer boy were lost at Crimea. Wolves were near and a hundred other dangers that only the old soldier knew about. So he got down on the snow, drew his cloak over the boy and sat with his pistol in his hand. He was a hiding-place for the drummer boy in the wild storm.

Jesus is the hiding-place of the world. He shuts out all the wild drifts of tempest evil. In Him there is shelter. He will put His back against the storm. All the wicked things that would creep in and kill our love for good things He stems and fights off.

Sin may drive in on us but Christ Jesus shall be our hiding-place. The shelter of the world is Jesus.

The greatest power in the world is a man. And the greatest man that ever lived is our hiding-place. When we sing

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee."

we mean that safety, protection, shelter from all harm can be had by hiding in Jesus Christ.

"And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest; as streams of water in a dry place and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

XLI

I Wish, I Wish

WHAT is the rhyme the boys and girls of Canada and the United States all repeat?

"Star light,
Star bright,
First star
I've seen to-night.
I wish I could,
I wish I might
Get the wish
I wish to-night."

To get your wish, they say, you must keep your eye on the star and wish silently. If you take your eyes off you lose your wish.

This is a great secret. Watch carefully the things you wish, and wish for the best. Let your wishes be good—bright, cheerful, clean and true—for the things you wish for in boyhood and girlhood show when you grow up. A man or a woman is simply the wishes of a boy or a girl grown up. Life is made of the desires we cherish. The Scots have a saying:

"Bode for a silk dress
And you will get the sleeve of it,"

which means, if you don't get all you set your heart on at least you will get a part of it. It is always better to grasp a piece of a good desire than to obtain the whole of a poor one.

Have you heard a boy say, "I wish I had an airship"? I heard a boy with a pair of roller skates say, "I wish I had an automobile!" If these lads wished hard enough, and went out and worked long enough, keeping steadily in their minds these things, I am sure they would get them.

A very funny man said, "Some men have wish-bones instead of back-bones." He forgot there must be wish-bones first, for back-bones are made out of wish-bones.

I hope when you grow older you will all read about Andrea Del Sarto. He was called "the faultless painter." By one little fault he came short of being the greatest artist of his time. His wishes were not heavy enough. He sent his desires down into trifling things instead of piercing to the bed rock. Like many another man he blamed some one else. Talking with his wife one night, he said:

"I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep."

He failed and was less of a painter than many men his inferiors because he never wished deeply enough.

"What are we to wish for then?" I heard a boy say.

Wish or desire—it means the same—*real things.* David Livingstone said his greatest wish was to find the source of the Nile. The world of Africa has been blessed by his noble wish.

Turner (not a very wonderful man) wished to put the colours of the sky on canvas. He worked hard at his wish. All the artists love his sky scenes.

Robert Louis Stevenson wished to write, and he wanted so strongly, wished so sincerely, that he laboured day and night until he had his wish, and boys and girls in every land are the happier.

Marconi, an Italian, had a craving to make the air carry his messages, and he toiled long and faithfully to try and carry his wish into a real thing. The world is better and smaller and truer because of his wish.

Jesus wished to help all of us. He humbled himself, did hard things, bore very much, served the poorest, helped the helpless and died because of His great wish. We are happy, glad, and the world is singing, all rising out of the wish of Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

Now I am going to tell you about the greatest

wish in the world. We are always hearing about the greatest things in the world. God has made the greatest and most wonderful things in the world and men have only imitated Him.

Have you not read about the greatest canal bridge, factory and ship? We are proud of such works. God has put within us the power to wish for the best. No one need be a Samson in strength, a Solomon in wisdom, to do the greatest thing in the world. It's within the reach of all. "Do the will of God." Then you will wish the greatest thing in the world. Paul worded it:

"We wish even your perfection."

XLII

Follow the Leader

EVERY boy and girl in these northern lands knows the game, "follow the leader." I saw some boys and girls playing it. They ran across the lawn, around a tree, bowed to a bush, threw kisses at a crow, shook hands with the pump handle, walked backwards and did a lot of funny things.

A little girl led them. When watching, I remembered the saying of a notable man in America who said, "The leadership of America is in the hands of the college men." Now I think that gentleman is wrong in a way. For the leadership of the world is largely in the hands of the children.

Dr. Maxwell, who was superintendent of the city schools in New York, said, "The putting of the blind boys and girls into the public schools and treating them like other children was a wonderful experiment. Rough children became quiet, rude boys and girls very mannerly and the purpose of putting them there was nearly defeated because every boy and girl wanted to be eyes to the blind.

"I wouldn't like to see any more blind children in the world," he said, "but I did love to see these children of the dark leading the schools into a gentler life!"

The blind children led the others into a world of gentleness, blind leaders going quietly on and those who could see following; the meek inheriting the leadership they could never get by trying.

In Australia the rough men of the street are called "Larakins." One of them in Melbourne City was the sort of man the policeman had his eye on. By chance he met a girl named Doreen and married her, to his own great surprise. He started a chicken farm in the country. He had been a very bad man, but when his little baby came a new life opened up to him. Sitting one evening at sunset, he says in the way these men talk out there:

"A little while ago it was just me—
A lonely, longin' streak o' misery.
An' then 'twas 'er an' me—Doreen,
My wife!
An' now it's 'im an' us."

His little son and, as he called him, "bloomin' 'eir," led the narrow street rough into a world of love and home happiness, where he said:

"I only know—it's good to be alive!"

At the Charing Cross station in London a crowd

was gathered, watching for the Channel train, which brings the wounded back from France. Four wounded soldiers were helped into an ambulance and laid down tenderly, with wraps over them; and some one put a few English spring flowers, yellow and fresh, on them. In front of the crowd was a little newsboy, bare-footed, with his papers under his arm. As the ambulance moved off he ran after it and threw four copies of his evening papers above the flowers, then darted away and was lost in the city traffic.

It was his "evening sacrifice," performed in the heart of the great city. And all those that saw it were melted and went home using the words of Jesus to the woman, "*He* hath done what he could."

I hope they all followed his lead in sacrifice. At least I know millions heard about it in the newspapers.

The little blind children leading a school in gentleness, the babe in the cradle leading the rough father into love and strength and the newsboy leading a crowd into larger sacrifice; were they not fulfilling prophecy? For Isaiah, the prophet, looking away into the future, saw a new world coming where the animals would not be afraid of men, a greater and a better world, and he said:

"A little child shall lead them."

XLIII

The Ball Game and the Game of Life

MANY changes have taken place in the game since 1839. Pitching curved deliveries is the fashion now; then it was the under-hand throw. Balls have been reduced in size. Padded gloves, catchers' mits, breast pads, masks have all come into the game one by one. Indeed, the only thing that remains as it was in the beginning is the diamond: ninety feet along each side.

Baseball began, then, last century, and most sensible people hope it will continue many centuries. It's an old and an honoured game. Long live baseball!

Now I am going to tell you about a game that is older than any other, the oldest game in the world and the best, for anybody can play it: the game of life.

The "old game" like all contests has a start. There's an hour when the play begins. It starts with boys at different ages, according to the country you live in. However, it only really commences when you know right from wrong. From that day

the game starts. So babies and little fellows are not in the field. They are up on the "bleachers" watching how the older ones play.

Is that not a good reason for right and hearty playing?

> "To set the cause above renown,
> To love the game beyond the prize."

The game of life has its rules and everything depends on keeping the rules.

RULE NUMBER ONE: "Play the Game."

We are to play the game of life for its own sake. "Life's a splendid game," an old man once said to me. His life was full and busy. We must play the game, not for the selfish hope of what we will get out of it. Games are great and enticing when we put ourselves into them with our whole heart. The prizes in life are the secondary things. The spectators, watching, are there to see a good game, and they love to see players "play the game."

"Play up! Play up! And play the game."

RULE NUMBER TWO: "Keep your body under."

Oh! That means so much: Keep your temper. Watch your eating. Abstain from lusts. Attain self-control. Practice self-denial. None of these things is easy, but the way to manage them is by doing something bigger, better, higher: Keep your soul on top, spirit above and body below.

A noted boxer used to say to his body when facing and fighting a hard opponent: "Keep quiet now, body; behave yourself! That man in front can't hurt you. I'm on top. Keep under now!"

"When the body gets on top a ball player is lost," one of the masters of the baseball game says.

By keeping your body under the spirit of the game is held up, and games on the field and the game of life are won by the spirit rather than the body.

RULE NUMBER THREE: "Play to Win."

What makes Ty Cobb the greatest ball player in America? Simply his desire to win. He fixes his mind on the game, hears nothing, sees nothing, attends to nothing in the world for the time but the game. He is out to win.

In another league there's a player on the outfield. His manager says, and I think truly: "If he would only try hard enough he would be a better player than Ty Cobb."

Go into the game to win. That means getting victory over yourself, your temper, envy, jealousy, malice, hatred and all "standing around sins" that hinder us from success in the great game.

Paul was our champion Christian athlete. He played the game well. "I keep my body under lest I lose," he says. "I press toward the prize." He set his eyes on the reward.

All around he saw runners fall on the track. He greatly desired to win.

We would all deem it a high honour, would we not, to win in wrestling, running, jumping or any form of sport? There's a nobler victory, a larger reward and a greater game than the Greeks ever played, the game of life. It's the noblest of all sports.

For the sake of the race be "temperate in all things." For the sake of the Master's "Well done":

"Strive for the mastery."

XLIV

The Hall of Shame

How to Keep Out

THE Hall of Shame is a good place to keep out of. It bears the name of weaklings, untruthful men and women, cowards and knaves. Ugh!—We will not mention any more of them.

It's a dreadful place, hopeless and dark. We must shun it and learn to keep out. But I am glad that "all the king's horses and all the king's men" cannot drag us in unless we consent. Lest we consent, though, let us learn to know ourselves.

Bishop Butler, one of the wisest and cleverest of men, said: "Be more afraid of thyself than of the world." Be afraid of no one but yourself, for the seeds of evil are within our own hearts. If we allow them to grow up they may turn us into men and women who are compelled to hang their heads in shame. I am going to give you three or four "keep words" to remember:

"Keep your eyes from beholding iniquity."

Most of the things we learn, know, receive, come

to us through the eyes. How important, then, it is to have our eyes in the right direction! "Eyes front!" is the command given to the soldiers. It's a good order for every one. Let us keep our "eyes front" and our "eyes upward."

"Keep thy tongue from evil."

Whispering and tale bearing and mischief making are tongue evils.

A quaint old English writer says: "We may see the canny and curious work of nature, which hath barred and hedged nothing in so strongly as the tongue, with two rows of teeth and with two lips; besides she hath placed it farre from the heart."

An Indian proverb says: "Of thine unspoken word thou art master but thy spoken word is master of thee."

The Norsemen have a proverb: "An unwise man when he comes among the people had best be silent; no one knows that he knows nothing unless he talks too much."

"Keep thyself pure."

Paul wrote that to a young man called Timothy. For the pure in heart only see God.

The pure in heart are strong. "I have the strength of ten men because my heart is pure." All the men who have entered the Hall of Shame have been weak. Who wants to be a weakling? Be pure

in thought, in word, in deed, in speech, in action.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life."

The Greek version which was used in our Lord's time had a very beautiful rendering: "In order that the fountains may not fail thee guard them in the heart." All we do is the outcome of hidden fountains, and the main thing to do in life is to keep the fountains clean.

"I wish you would change my heart," said the African chief, Sekani, to Livingstone, the explorer of Africa; "give me medicine to change it, for it is proud, proud, and angry, angry, always."

What he needed was a new heart, and that is what God gives us, "a heart in every thought renewed."

Now the sum of it all is this: Pray constantly, "Create within me a clean heart."

XLVI

God's Hall of Fame

How to Get In

(Part One)

NEW YORK has a Hall of Fame, where the noblest and best of American life have a place. The idea was borrowed from the Bible. God started the first picture gallery and hall for celebrities. In this He has hung full-sized portraits, busts and statues of his heroes of faith, soldiers of the world, His ballad singers and "followers of the gleam."

God's Hall of Fame is crowded with memorials to His best, the lowly born of earth some of them, yet the highly placed of God.

Let us take a walk through the rooms and look at the pictures. I'll point out a few as we go along. Ladies first:

Rebekah. She saw a man coming out of the rising sun and left all and followed him. A very nice woman when young, only not so nice, I am sorry to say, when old.

Ruth, the Lily of Moab. Love and service were more to her than anything else in the world. In losing everything she found all she left behind and more.

The lady without a name, with long black hair, was the daughter of the King of Egypt. She saved Moses and we are indebted to her.

That old bent woman fed a prophet out of a magic cruse of oil and a bread basket that never emptied.

Esther, the Queen. All the Hebrews remember her, even to this day. Notice the determined look on her face.

The sweet-faced woman with the gentle eyes is Mary, the mother of Jesus. Her cousin Elizabeth is below there, Mary Magdalene and a lot of others.

Look at the kings and court men:

Joseph, Secretary of State. He was sold for very little. It was a bargain day in slaves.

Daniel. He wouldn't do what the crowd did, and he spent a night with the lions. He never grumbled; he left that to the lions!

Jonathan, son of a king. He gave his friendship to the son of a shepherd.

Saul. A wonderful man; big, strong, stalwart, handsome, very weak in spots and very lovable too.

David. He started life as a shepherd and fin-

ished on the throne. I think he was happier herding sheep than ruling men.

There are other kings, brave heathen men. A few of them are in His Hall of Fame.

This side of the room is for soldiers:

Joshua in the centre. A cool old leader. He drilled and disciplined the Israelites; took them as raw recruits and made fine fighters out of them. Some of the things Boy Scouts do he invented. He was a great Scout. Caleb, his chief-of-staff. Confident and methodical, he was always sure of his plans. Truly a remarkable pair! Napoleon liked to read about their battles.

Gideon. A strategist, full of resources and plans.

Those with the helmets and short swords are Romans. One of them built a Jewish house of worship. Jesus always had a good word for the soldiers. That is the reason for their place on the walls.

This is the Fisherman's Corner:

The National Gallery in London nor the Louvre in Paris nor any other national hall of fame has a place for fishermen. Of course you recognise Peter in the centre. His hands are gnarled and his hair is as shaggy as a colt's mane. He looks as if ready to blaze out into words or action. Andrew and John are on either side of him.

This is the room for the Obscure. God remembers the ordinary folks:

The man who lent the ass for Jesus to ride into Jerusalem, alongside the man who lent his boat for Him to preach in. Above these two is the tablet to the man who gave his room for Jesus to have a supper with His disciples.

Epaphras, the errand man. He carried a letter across Europe.

Mark, cousin of Barnabas. He ran away several times but returned. He wrote the Gospel of Mark.

Epaphroditus. He risked his life for a church in Philippi.

The remainder, nobody knows their names. Only they did something and God remembered them.

XLVI

God's Hall of Fame

How to Get In

(Part Two)

THIS is the Boys' Corner.

The ancients paid little attention to boys. God remembered them. The straight, lean lad carried arrows for Jonathan. He was the first telegraphic messenger boy we ever heard about. The other boy is the one that carried the five barley loaves. Without him the big free feed on the hill side would have been incomplete. Perhaps that's the reason why boys like a big crowd and a free feed.

Here is a row of prophets.

Stand in the centre of the room where you can see the effect of the light on the central picture.

Yes, that's Elijah.

Look at his heavy eye-brows, shaggy, tousled hair!

"His eye follows me!"

Yes, the kings and queens trembled before his eyes.

"What a face!"

Yes, the face of a man who could call down fire from Heaven is not easily forgotten.

Elisha, his successor, has a softer, kindlier face.

"Who is that gloomy looking one?"

Jeremiah. He was always harping on "the good old times long ago."

Underneath are the minor prophets. Micah looks like a farmer. Amos was a herdsman, but his lips show the orator and his big eyes are full of poetic fire. Obadiah is alongside of Hosea. Poor Hosea! His life and home were both sad. His face shows it.

Twelve of them? Yes, men of mighty faith, with eyes to see beyond the passing pageantry of life.

This is the Lawyers' Room.

The large painting of the man with the big brow, heavy shoulders, strong face, covered by a flowing beard, is Moses, father of all lawyers, a real leader.

Nobody knows his name, but Jesus met that other young lawyer, with the noble, proud look on his face.

Zenas, a friend of Paul's, skilled in Roman and Hebrew law. Alongside of him, the man with the

fine, cultured face and graceful bearing is Apollos, an Alexandrian Jew.

That one on the wall, facing him, is the greatest of law men, Paul. Notice his sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, stooped shoulders. What a thin, frail shadow of a man he was! Yet as a scholar, traveller, pioneer, and builder he had no equals.

The other one is big, genial, broad, laughing, healthy Barnabas.

Hush! Don't say anything, but Paul quarrelled with him once. Barnabas only laughed and they made it up and became great friends.

The smaller pictures are friends of Paul, Silas, Timothy, Luke, the doctor; Andronicus and Junia were in prison with Paul; Aristarchus went to Rome with him.

Epaenetus, Amplias and Stachys were Paul's "my beloved."

No, I have not shown you all the men and women in God's Hall of Fame, only a few of them. But you can read about them all in the Bible. It is very necessary that you should know how these men got their names in the wonderful collection of heroes. Like all great things the secret of their lives is very simple:

First, forget. None of these men was doing things for himself. If you do well for yourself men will praise you, but if you do well for others

God will remember you. Forget yourself and be ambitious for others.

Second, remember others. Forgetting and remembering will bring you into God's Hall of Fame.

In Westminster Abbey I saw flowers on the tomb of one man.

"There's always flowers on his grave," the attendant told me.

Why? Because he counted his life nothing. He remembered the poor, ignorant slaves in darkest Africa, "God's children in ebony."

How to enter God's Hall of Fame can be put in one sentence:

"The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

XLVII

Pewter or Gold?

Kultur or Christ?

GIVE me your attention while I read an extract from the daily newspapers:

> "The Kaiser's cup, which he donated to the winner of a trans-Atlantic yacht race, has been sold for the benefit of the Red Cross and publicly broken in pieces in New York. It was supposed to be of solid gold and worth five thousand dollars. It was really made of pewter with a thin gold plating and is valued at forty dollars."

The Great War is a great test. It is bringing out many hidden qualities in men and in nations. The War is a fire test applied to kings, common folks, nations and the different kinds of education. It is revealing the pewter and the gold, showing to all the world, Christian and heathen, whether Kultur or Christ is best.

The cup presented by the head of the Teuton nation was described when sent over as a "magnificent trophy." It was widely advertised. The Kaiser

was heralded as a good sportsman. I have no doubt he laughed and thought his reputation for generosity and good sportsmanship was obtained at small cost.

Notice in the first place, it was pewter instead of solid gold. That is the real name for Kultur, you have heard so much about. Kultur is pewter with a gold coating.

But some eighth grade boy asks, "What do you mean by *Kultur?*".

Well, in the fewest words it means bringing out the best in a boy or girl, training head and body and leaving the heart untouched; making children industrious, efficient, capable and thorough students, good working human machines, obedient without being willing, having good brains and no morals.

Kultur is education without religion, making children from the outside instead of the inside, bringing schools and pupils up to a standard, instead of leading them to Christ the Saviour.

For the sake of the future every child in the world should know that Germany forsook God. The Germans sought a thing they named Kultur instead of the Saviour, called Christ.

Let me repeat, then, the Great War is the testing of pewter culture and Christ's gold.

The hammer test was applied to the false cup. Had it not been for the War the Kaiser's cup with

its undetected gold veneer would have continued to hold an honoured place in the trophy room of the American Yacht Club.

Had it not been for the War men would have gone on admiring German schools, saying how much better they were than American.

Had it not been for the War the world would have continued accepting German Kultur and German education at its face value. But the fiery test of war revealed the gold coating and hidden pewter of the Germanic national character.

Once more, look at the results of cultural training and Christian education:

Education means to draw out. Kaiser Wilhelm represented Germany in his gift. In that one deed he gathered up all the character of the German educational system.

In England, France and America the War has not caused any increase in crime. Christian education is steadying the Allies. In Berlin three hundred burglaries occur every day. Life is in constant danger.

"Fraud, embezzlement and theft" are common in German domestic life to-day. Heroism, sacrifice and self-denial are common in Allied homes. Never has there been so little drunkenness, crime and immorality in the cities of Great Britain and America.

The pewter Kultur has caused Germany to lose

her goods, her foreign trade, her colonies, the respect of her neighbours and her soul. The Christian faith has made the Allies poor in goods, thousands of lives have been lost, but the honour and the souls of the nations have been saved.

What shall it profit a nation if it gain all the *Kultur* in the world and lose its soul?

We have seen what Kultur does. What does Christ do for a boy or girl?

In the first place He tells us to play the game fairly. Germany might have won if she had played fair with Belgium. Her lack of honour in dealing with a weak, defenceless nation roused England and every other decent nation. Germany was beaten when the first German soldier put his foot on Belgian soil.

Let me tell you a secret: Battles are won on playgrounds. If boys and girls play fair, as Christ would have them do, they will do the right in business and act like heroes in war. Our gallant allies are not fighting for ribboned coats and fame of war. No! They are fighting Christ's cause, for His crown and His kingdom.

"Play up! Play up! And play the game."

Christ teaches us to forget ourselves and live for others. That is the second gem.

To be really true to our country and our flag we

must be loyal to some bigger, outside power. Christ is above all. Be loyal to the King.

Christ is our guarantee. He insures our good conduct and our fidelity in school, our purity in life.

"He liveth best who loveth best
All things both great and small."

For me to live is Kultur? Never! "For me to live is Christ." "He is the way, the truth and the life."

Hear the words of the Seer:

"I counsel thee to buy of me gold refined by fire that thou mayest become rich, and white garments that thou mayest clothe thyself."

XLVIII

The High Road and the Low

OUTSIDE of a city in Europe two roads meet. A cross in the centre of the meeting place gives the point a name, the cross roads. If you take the high road it leads into the city, and the low road leads around the city and away to the sea. There you have a picture of life.

"To every *child* there openeth
A high way and a low
And every *child* decideth
The way his soul shall go."

Choosing the right road is the most important decision a boy or a girl can make. Your body follows your soul through life.

It may appear to you that life is full of roads. In a way that is true; but really there are only two, with many names: the broad, the narrow, the bright and the dark.

The high and the low roads open up before us, and we will call them the road of ease and the road of duty.

On the Low Road of Ease you will notice it opens

smoothly, a broad, flat, nice path. It goes through the land of Bye-and-Bye, where the people speak the language of to-morrow.

The lonely Low Road of Ease skirts the edge of the Never-Never Country, where boys and girls do nothing, never grow up, go nowhere and never arrive at any place. And the road ends in a dark valley, between high mountains, where the light never gets through and the frogs croak in the swamps, the lizards gasp for the sunlight and all is gloom and eternal shade.

The low road is crowded with very nice people. I'll point them out to you.

There's Mr. and Mrs. Slouch and all the Slouch family; Jimmy Waitalittle and Peter Putitoff are riding in the car with them.

That's Tom Hatetogetup running after them. He was to go along, but—well, you know his ways!

The crowd of boys with the chipped bats and burst gloves are the Doesn't Matter boys. They are cousins to the Don't Care girls. They live in the same street.

Do you want to go along the low road? No, I am sure none of you do.

The High Road of Duty is not such an attractive way at the start. Somewhat rough and narrow it is, but it's the path of the just, "which groweth brighter and better." The farther you travel on

it the better it gets. Besides it's a winding ribbon road, twisting and turning among the hills; ay, the home of the curlews and the swallows.

Mountain brooks bubble through the gashes on the hill sides, tumbling down to the rivers in the valleys. At night on the hill tops you can see the city lights twinkling in the distance. Up above you see the stars

> ". . . throng out in their glory,
> And they sing of God to man;
> They sing of the mighty Master,
> Of the loom His fingers span,
> Where a star or a soul is a part of the whole
> And weft in the wondrous plan."

It's a wonderful road, full of good company. Hearken! What music is that? It's the ransomed of the Lord, God's ballad singers, "footing it right merrily."

Who are these men going along so swiftly? They are the messengers of God, His couriers, carrying despatches, heavenly secret service men. "The King's business requireth haste."

> "Down to Gehenna or up to the throne
> He travels the fastest who travels alone."

Make way for the publishers of good tidings!

Most of the travellers are in companies, and the longer the road the better the company.

That town between the hills is old Laughtertown. Boys and girls go in by the straight, low gate; sometimes their hearts are heavy and their brows are puckered. They come out with their faces creased with smiles.

Do you know where you are now?

Listen! This is a secret. Directly in front of you stands the entrance to these roads. Choose you this day which you will travel.

I am glad the change from the Low Road of Ease to the High Road of Duty can be made; only let me warn you, the farther you travel the harder it gets to change.

Once while in England at Lime Street Station in Liverpool I bought a ticket for Glasgow, Scotland. Two different railroads ran out of the station. No one told me about the two roads. By accident I got on the wrong one, the train started and I had to go on to the journey's end.

Get a good start on the right road, for perhaps if you get the wrong road change might be impossible. It might be. Oh, the pity of it! Nobody could show you the way to change.

Here are three prayers for guidance:

"Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me."

"Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy law."

"Show me Thy ways, O Lord."

XLIX

The Land Without Candles

"ONCE upon a time," as the story books say, houses were all lit by candles. Now we have gas lights, kerosene lamps, acetylene gas in the country and incandescent lamps everywhere. But when we want to measure the strength of a light we compare it to a candle, for that was the first light men ever had.

In the old houses and for ornaments in the new ones, candlesticks were used. Your greatgrandmother made the household candles in a mould, and in the garrets of old homes you might find the "snuffers" she used to trim the light when she wanted to thread her needle.

Grandmothers were candle makers in the days of old. Who would like to go back into those days and live?

Eastern women in Bible times kept the candles burning day and night. It was their custom when they wanted to darken the room after sunset to put the candle under the bed. (This is a great secret:

I am told that some boys and —— can tidy a room up very quickly if they can only use "under the bed" for a cupboard!)

When a man was prosperous the Orientals said of him, "His candles are burning." By that they meant that everything was going well with him in the world. Maybe that is the reason for birthday candles.

An Arab proverb sums up poverty of life by saying, "Fate has put out my light."

So, then, God lights all the candles of life; our good clothes, food, toys, schools and play are God's candles, hung in our homes as the candles are hung on a Christmas tree.

"I will search Jerusalem with candles," an old prophet heard God say.

"Why would He take candles to search a city?" you perhaps ask in surprise.

Well! He was crying for men who once attended to religious things and they fell asleep and would "do nothing, neither good." Because they were unfaithful they hid and God was looking for them with a candle in His hand, crying after them as He did to Adam and Eve, "Where art thou?"

To-day God is searching the world, as He did the old city, crying, "Where art thou?"

Jesus is the "light of the world." That was one of His titles. He lights up everything He enters

into. The heathen lands are called dark countries because Jesus has never shone there, and the missionaries are sometimes called "light bearers" because they carry the light of the Gospel into the lands of eclipse. All that God asks of us is just to let the light shine through us; nothing great or powerful, only to hold the light.

The plumber was fixing a pipe in a dark corner and his apprentice was not holding the light properly.

"Hold it so you can see yourself; then I'll be able to see," the man said.

Hold the candle so that you can see the face of Jesus Christ yourself, then all the world will be able to see Him.

"Like a little candle, burning in the night,
You in your small corner."

Heaven has many things in it and some things we are used to are not there. It's the land without candles.

"The light of a candle shall shine no more in thee." "For the Lord God shall give them light and they shall reign forever and ever."

L

A Three-ply Rope

THE name, please, of the man in the Bible who saw angels ascending from earth to Heaven.

Jacob.

How did they do it?

By a ladder.

Children all love ladders. They are invitations to climb up and see what's in the garret or the barn.

Who has not heard of the "ladder of dreams"?

If you will give me your attention I will tell you about a three-strand cord which can be made into a rope ladder. And where is the boy or girl who would not like a ladder reaching beyond the clouds? But of course a special kind of rope would be needed to make such a ladder, stretching beyond the moon and down to the depths of despair.

Certainly! And every strand has a name.

The first is *grace;* strong, sufficient and abundant.

Grace is the free, unmerited favour of God.

Sir Walter Raleigh was one day asking a favour from Queen Elizabeth.

"Raleigh," exclaimed the Queen, "when will you leave off begging?"

"When your Majesty leaves off giving," he replied.

When the Father of Grace leaves off giving grace we can stop asking for grace.

"Have you any friends to speak for you?"

"Friends!" returned the boy. "No, I ain't got no friends. But if these rags," pointing to his tattered clothes, "won't speak for me, nothing else will."

Our need is our best plea—indeed, our only one—when we come to the Great Giver of all grace.

The next strand is *mercy*.

When we think of the past, the present and the future we need mercy. What a fine name for God, "the Father of Mercies"!

"He has many bags of mercy lying by Him, the seals of which have never been broken yet," Samuel Rutherford says. "God is rich in mercy."

"Have mercy, your Majesty!" a poor woman, pleading for her son, cried out to Napoleon.

"He does not deserve mercy," Napoleon replied coldly.

"It would not be mercy, if he deserved it," the mother answered.

"Then I will have mercy!" the Emperor returned.

God has what we do not deserve, mercy.

The third strand in this wonderful rope no money can buy. Men go around the world seeking it. By searching no one can find it. Wisdom could never devise it. If you go hunting for it you will miss it. Millions never know they have it till they lose it.

What did Jesus leave behind Him?

Peace.

What are the peace-makers called?

"The children of God."

What is the thing that "passeth all understanding"?

"The peace of God."

How do we get peace?

Through grace and mercy.

Without grace and mercy there would be no peace in the world.

There, now! The three strands in the rope are complete. We can lower it down to the depths of darkness, and poor, sinful men can rise up into the sunlight and climb like the angels into God's home on high.

This three-strand cord is the strongest rope in the world. The smallest, puniest child and the sturdiest man may use it. It's God's lifeline, His golden cord, binding angels and men and little children to the throne of Mercy.

"Grace, mercy and peace, from God, our Father, and Jesus Christ, our Lord."

LI

The Man with the Four Names

(Christmas)

A MAN with two names is quite common. Sailors sometimes have double names. Writers often have one name on the pages of their books and another on the baptismal certificate. Melanchthon, one of Martin Luther's friends, was really Schwartzgarde (black earth). Charles Dickens had a writing name. George Eliot was a woman whose real name was Evans. Ralph Connor is Charles Gordon in private life. Actors generally have two names, one that is easily pronounced and remembered for public use.

So you see there is nothing out of the way in having two names.

When Isaiah the Prophet began to prophesy there was in the air a feeling that some glorious person was coming. A hero would be born, capable of doing wonderful acts, a man different from any other one in all the ages. He was to be so much

different from all those born before him that one name was not enough, two could not describe him, three fell short of covering all his great qualities, so Isaiah called him "the man with the four names."

Wonderful-Counsellor was his first name. A counsellor is one who advises. His work is to give advice. Men pay large sums of money for special counsel. In Canada they have lawyers called "King's Counsellors." I presume it's an English fiction, a relic of the days when the English king needed counsellors. King's Counsellors in the London Law Court are resplendent gentlemen with big wigs and gowns; whether their dress makes them wiser or not I don't know, but undoubtedly it makes them wise looking.

Counsellors are of different orders. There are wise, shrewd advisors, clever counsellors, good and bad ones; but this unborn man was to be entirely of another character, a Wonderful-Counsellor.

God-Hero was his second name. The Greeks had their own heroes. Ages have been called heroic. Every nation has its own heroes. David, the King of Israel, was the hero of his nation. Hannibal served as the model of Carthage. Joan of Arc is a heroine of France. Garibaldi, a noble character, is a hero of modern Italy. Washington and Lincoln are the heroes of the United States.

Great, noble characters all of them were, worthy

of national homage. Some of them were heroic enough to be God-like, in sacrifice and love.

But this coming man, with the four names, was to be a God-Hero. Who ever dreamed of a hero like that? Round about Isaiah there were gods by the millions. None of those who worshipped them would have called them heroic. This wonderful, yet-to-be-born man was a God-Hero. Who would not follow a hero who was God-like?

Father-Everlasting was his third name. Who ever heard of a father lasting forever? The Great War is destroying fathers by the millions. Fatherless boys and girls were never so abundant as they are to-day. In Russia, the Balkans, Europe, Asia and America children without fathers stir the hearts of good men and women to pity and tears.

Soldiers' children have temporary fathers and adopted fathers, sort of makeshift "daddies."

Nations have fathers. George Washington is called the Father of His Country. But he is dead; he lives in memory and influence only.

Notable men have been called *fathers in the spirit,* which means they were originators of certain ideas. There are fathers-in-law, fathers of inventions. "Father and Friend of the People" was the title of a French king, Henry IV.

Tournefort is called the Father of Botany. The Englishman who made the first canal in England

is still known as the Father of Inland Navigation.

There are Fathers of Church History, Fathers of the Church and even men called Holy Fathers.

But this counsellor, hero, yet to be born, was to be an eternal parent, a father greater and better than any father any one ever imagined, a Father-Everlasting, stretching from century to century, lasting from one generation to another.

The Guild of the Aching Heart, the widows of the War would like such a father for their boys and girls. Why the heart of the world fairly leaps at the name! We even like to go on repeating it, Father-Everlasting, Father-Everlasting, Father-Everlasting.

Prince-of-Peace was His fourth name. He was to be a Royal-man, a Peaceful Prince.

A man with a long, hard name, Beaumarchais, was called the Prince of Quarrellers because he fought so many duels.

A French king, Henry V, was named the Prince of Priests because he was very, very pious.

Prince-of-Peace was to be the last name of this wonderful man.

Who could that be, with all these glorious names? He was surely going to be born in Rome where the Empire Counsellors lived, in a palace with courtiers and servants walking on tiptoes.

Never! He was born in Bethlehem in lowest es-

tate, beside the lowing cattle. The courier angels folded their wings and rested over the stable, while singing angels sang:

"Glory to God in the highest."

The babe with the four names was born and thou shalt sum them all up in *"Jesus, Son of God."*

LII

The Long Call

BISHOP KINSOLVING, of Brazil, who is a Southerner by birth, tells of an interesting conversation he had with a coloured boy (one of the family servants) when as a young missionary about to sail he went to the old home for his farewell visit.

"I heah you all's a gwine to Brazil," the boy said.

"Yes."

"Got any kin down dar?"

"No."

"Does yo' know any folks down dar?"

"No."

"Did anybody write an' ax yo' to come?"

"No."

"Den huccom you all's a gwine?"

"My Lord and Master told me to go."

"When?"

"Nineteen hundred years ago."

"Did yo' heah Him?"

"I believe I did."

"Den he mus' a spoke mighty loud!"

God always calls loud enough for us to hear. Thousands of boys and girls have heard Him; any boy or girl can hear Him, and every child should listen. His voice is heard louder than the roar of Niagara or the thunder of the ocean on the beach. Yes, He speaks "mighty loud."

He speaks clearly. "My sheep hear my voice."

An old Scotchman had a son. He was not, I am sorry to say, very dependable; and one day he announced to his mother that he wanted to be a preacher. "I have been called of God," he assured her.

"Are you sure it wasna some other sound you heard?" the mother asked.

God speaks so clearly we need never be afraid it will be some other sound.

He knows our name. "He calleth His own sheep by name."

God calls loudly and continuously.

"I stopped calling you because you didn't answer." It was a mother speaking to her little girl.

God, the Father, keeps on calling. He does not stop.

The world is like St. Paul's in London. It's a great Whispering Gallery. A visitor whispers and his voice goes around the gallery and comes back to where it started from. God's voice goes around the world, day and night. He never stops calling

boys and girls into His service. If one call is not enough He tries another.

The voice of the preacher is God's long call. The sound of the hymns is a musical call. God's sacraments are His action call to the church to remember Him. The church spire is His voice pointing up to the skies, from whence Jesus will some day come.

He calls us personally.

God, the Father, never calls us in crowds. He speaks to us as individuals. He counts the cattle on the hills, numbers the dew drops on the blades of grass, tallies the flocks of birds, tells off the fish in the sea. He herds the sheep. But boys and girls are like the stars in the heavens: "He calleth them all by their names."

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